WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1808.

We this Month preſent our Readers with a ſtriking Likeneſs (taken at the Place of Execution) of MAJOR CAMPBELL, of the 21ſt Regiment, who was executed at Armagh for the Shooting of CAPT. BOYD, of ſaid Regiment, in a Duel.

Account of the Gallant Action between SIR SAMUEL HOOD, and the Ruſſian Squadron. (With a beautiful Likeneſs of that illuſtrious Hero.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, Sept. 20, 1808.

Copy of a Letter from Vice Admiral Sir James Saumarez, K. B. Commander-in-Chief of his Majeſty's Ships and Veſſels in the Baltic, to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated on board the Victory, off Rogerſwick, the 30th of Aug. 1808.

SIR,

YOU will pleaſe to inform the lords commiſſioners of the admiralty, of my arriving off Oro yeſterday evening, purſuant to my intentions, to effect a junction with the Swediſh fleet, which I had received an account from rear-admiral Nauckhoff, was blockaded by the Ruſſian fleet, conſiſting of thirteen ſail of the line of battle ſhips, beſides frigates. It was not before this morning that I was informed by the commander of the Swediſh frigate Chapan, that the rear-admiral Nauckhoff, after being joined by ſir Samuel Hood in the Centaur and Implacable, had ſailed from Oro road on the 25th in purſuit of the Ruſſian fleet; and on the day following, had ſucceeded in capturing and deſtroying the Ruſſian line of battle ſhip Sewolod, off Rogerſwick, and in which port the remainder of the enemy's ſhips had been compelled to ſhelter themſelves. I immediately made ſail for Rogerſwick, where I arrived this afternoon, and had the ſatisfaction to find the Swediſh fleet, with the Centaur and Implacable at anchor, watching the Ruſſian force in the harbour.

I incloſe to you, for their lordſhips' information, the duplicate of a letter which I have had the pleaſure of receiving from rear-admiral ſir Samuel Hood, detailing the account of his proceedings with his majeſty's ſhips under his orders, and the ſquadron of his Swediſh majeſty, under rear-admiral Nauckhoff, and of the meritorious conduct of captain Martin, of the Implacable, in bringing the enemy's ſternmoſt ſhip to action, and which ſtruck her colours to the

Implacable, but was afterwards rescued by the approach of the enemy's whole force, which had obliged sir Samuel Hood to recall her.

I also inclose the copy of a letter from captain Martin to the rear-admiral, in which he gives due credit to lieutenant Baldwin, and mr. Moore, the master, and the other officers and men of the Implacable.

The Russian admiral having sent a frigate to take the disabled ship in tow, she was again attacked by the Implacable and the Centaur, laying her on board in the most gallant manner, and by the exertions of captain Webley and lieutenant Lawless, and mr. Strode, master of the Centaur, her bowsprit was lashed to that ship, and there was every prospect of her being got off; but she having unfortunately grounded, rendered it impossible, and she was set on fire, after the prisoners and wounded men were taken from her.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on rear-admiral sir Samuel Hood, for the gallantry he displayed with the two ships under his orders, in his pursuit of the enemy's fleet, when the bad sailing of the squadron of his majesty's ally, prevented their coming up with them, and bringing on a general action. The brave and highly meritorious exertions of captain Martin and captain Webley, with the officers and men under their orders, entitle them to the highest commendation in my power to bestow, and excited the amazement and admiration of the gallant Swedes, who witnessed their heroic bravery and perseverance.

The present position of the Rusian fleet within the batteries at the entrance of the harbour, leave but slender hopes of their being attacked with any probability of success. Admiral Nauckhoff has requested a body of land forces from Finland with a view of taking possession of the island East Raga, which would effectually command the harbour; but as the enemy have been occupied in placing it in the best state of defence, it is very doubtful if a descent upon the island could be effected. I beg to assure their lordships, that every endeavour will be practised with the force under my orders, jointly with the Swedish squadron, that can tend to the further defeat of the enemy.

I propose to detach a small squadron, under the orders of captain Martin, towards Cronstadt; and I shall order the Africa to repair to her station off the Malmo channel, calling off Carlscrona for the convoy appointed to sail from that port for England. I am, sir, &c.

JAMES SAUMAREZ.

Centaur, off Rogerswick, Aug. 27.

SIR,

It is with pleasure I acquaint you, the Russian squadron, under the command of vice-admiral Hanickoff, after being chased thirty-four hours by his Swedish majesty's squadron, under rear-admiral Nauckhoff, accompanied by this ship and the Implacable, under my orders, have been forced to take shelter in the port of Rogerswick, with the loss of one ship of seventy-four guns. I shall have great satisfaction in detailing to you the services of the captains, officers, seamen, and marines under my command; and have also to state, that in no instance have I seen more energy displayed than that by his Swedish majesty's squadron, which although from the interiority of their sailing were prevented from getting into action. Rear-admiral Nauckhoff, and the captains under his command, from their perseverance and judicious conduct, were enabled to give confidence to his majesty's ships; and could we have forced the enemy to a general action, the whole of their squadron must have fallen to the superior bravery of the united force of our respective sovereigns in so just and honourable a cause.

Mr

My letter of the 25th will have acquainted you of the Ruſſian ſquadron having appeared off Oro Road on the 23d. The arrangements for quitting that anchorage, after his Swediſh majeſty's ſhips from Jungfut Sound had joined rear-adm. Nauckhoff, were completed on the evening of the 24th. Early the next morning the whole force put to ſea; ſoon after the Ruſſian fleet was diſcovered off Hango Udd, the wind at N. E. Not a moment was loſt in giving purſuit, and every ſail preſſed by his Swediſh majeſty's ſquadron. From the ſuperior ſailing of the Centaur and Implacable they were ſoon in advance, that at the cloſe of the evening the enemy were not far off, and noticed in the greateſt diſorder apparently to avoid a general battle. In the morning of the 26th, about five o'clock, the Implacable was enabled to bring the leewardmoſt of the enemy's line of battle ſhips to cloſe action, in a moſt brave and gallant manner; and ſo decided and judicious was this manœuvre executed, that the Ruſſian admiral, who bore up with the whole of his force, could not prevent that marked ſuperiority of diſcipline and ſeamanſhip being eminently diſtinguiſhed. Although the enemy's ſhip fought with the greateſt bravery, ſhe was ſilenced in about twenty minutes; and only the near approach of the enemy's whole fleet could have prevented her then falling, her colours and pendant being both down; but I was obliged to make the ſignal for the Implacable to cloſe me; captain Martin's letter, ſtating the brave and gallant conduct of lieutenant Baldwin, his other officers and men, I ſend herewith; and it would be needleſs for me to add more to you on their meritorious conduct. If words of mine could enhance the merit of this brave, worthy, and excellent officer, captain Martin, I could do it with the moſt heartfelt gratification; and the high eſteem I have for him as an officer and a friend, no language can ſufficiently expreſs.

The Ruſſian admiral having ſent a frigate to tow the diſabled ſhip, again hauled his wind, and the Implacable being ready to make ſail, I immediately gave chaſe, and ſoon obliged the frigate to caſt off her tow, when the Ruſſian admiral was again under the neceſſity to ſupport her by ſeveral of his line of battle ſhips bearing down, and I had every proſpect of this bringing on a general action, to avoid which he availed himſelf of a favourable ſlant of wind, and entered the port of Rogerſwick.

The line of battle ſhip engaged by the Implacable having fallen to leeward, grounded on a ſhoal juſt at the entrance of the port; there being then ſome ſwell. I had a hope ſhe muſt have been deſtroyed, but the wind moderating towards the evening, ſhe appeared to ride at her anchor, and exertions were made to repair her damages. At ſun ſet finding the ſwell abated, and boats ſent from the Ruſſian fleet to tow her into port, I directed captain Webley to ſtand in and endeavour to cut her off; this was done in a manner that muſt reflect the higheſt honour on captain Webley, the officers and ſhip's company of the Centaur, for their valour and perſeverance in ſupport of my orders. The boats had made a conſiderable progreſs, and the enemy's ſhip was juſt entering the port when we had the good fortune to lay her on board; her bowſprit taking the Centaur's fore-rigging, ſhe ſwept along with her bow grazing the muzzels of our guns, which was the only ſignal for their diſcharge and the enemy's bows were drove in by this taking fire; when the bowſprit came to the mizen rigging, I ordered it to be laſhed; this was performed in a moſt ſteady manner by the exertions of captain Webley, lieutenant Lawleſs, mr. Strode and the

maſter, and other brave men, under a very heavy fire from the enemy's muſketry, by which, I am ſorry to add, lieutenant Lawleſs is ſeverely wounded. The ſhip being in ſix fathoms water, I had a hope I ſhould have been able to have towed her out in that poſition, but an anchor had been let go from her unknown to us, which made it impoſſible for her to effect it; at this period much valour was diſplayed on both ſides, and ſeveral attempts made to board by her bowſprit, but nothing could withſtand the cool and determined fire of the marines under captain Bayley and the other officers, as well as the fire from our ſtern-chace guns, that in leſs than half an hour ſhe was obliged to ſurrender. On this occaſion I again received the greateſt aid from captain Martin, who anchored his ſhip in a poſition to heave the Centaur off, after the and the prize had grounded, which was fortunately effected at the moment two of the enemy's ſhips were ſeen under ſail ſtanding towards us, but retreated as they ſaw the ſhips extricated from this difficulty.

The prize proved to be the Sewolod, of 74 guns, captain Rhodneff; ſhe had ſo much water in her, and being faſt on ſhore, after taken out the priſoners and wounded men, I was obliged to give orders for her being burnt, which ſervice was completely effected under the direction of lieutenant Biddulph, of this ſhip, by ſeven o'clock in the morning.

I cannot ſpeak too highly of the brave and gallant conduct of captain Webley, and every officer and man under his command: and I beg leave to recommend to you, for the notice of the lords commiſſioners of the admiralty, lieutenant Lawleſs, for his exertions and gallant conduct, and who has ſeverely ſuffered on this occaſion; and I alſo muſt beg leave to recommend lieutenant William Caſe, the ſenior of this ſhip.

Herewith you will receive a liſt of the killed and wounded on board this ſhip and the Implacable, and from every information that it was poſſible to collect, that of the enemy's ſhips captured.

I have the honour to be, &c.

SAMUEL HOOD

Sir J. Saumarez, bart. K. B. &c.

A letter from captain Martin of the Implacable to ſir S. Hood, praiſes in high terms the conduct of his officers and men, and particularly that of his firſt lieutenant mr. Baldwin, as an officer thoroughly deſerving the patronage of thelords commiſſioners of the admiralty.

The loſs in the Centaur is ſtated at three killed and twenty-ſeven wounded. In the Implacable, ſix killed, and twenty-ſix wounded. In his imperial majeſty's ſhip the Sewolod, there were 43 killed, and 86 wounded, in the action with the Implacable; 180 killed and miſſing in the action with the Centaur.—Total, 303 killed, wounded, and miſſing. Mr. Paul Lawleſs, firſt lieutenant of the Centaur, ſeverely wounded; mr. Martin, boatſwain of ditto, badly on the thigh and head. The liſt of his Swediſh majeſty's fleet is ſtated at 1 of 76 guns; 6 of 74; 1 of 70, 2 of 66; 1 of 46; 1 of 44; 2 of 32, and one of 34 guns.—Total 15 ſhips.

The Ruſſian fleet conſiſted of 21 ſhips of the following deſcription:—1 of 120; 1 of 118; 7 of 74; 3 of 50; 2 of 44; 2 of 20; and 2 of 18 guns—two corvettes and two cutters.

Whimſical Shooting Match.

A NOVEL match took place a few days ago near Canterbury, between two country ſportſmen, to fire at twenty-five potatoes thrown up in the air; they were ſucceſſively hit by both of the ſportſmen, ſo that the wager remains undecided.

Myſterious

The Myſterious Recluſe. *(Continued from Page 461.)*

'*THE* ſtranger ſtaid long, and talked much. More than once I ſcrutinized him for the purpoſe of diſcovering whether there was any truth in what my brother had told me concerning him and his looks, his words, and whole behaviour gave the lie to his report. In the animation with which he ſpoke he appeared to me ſtill more handſome than the preceding day. When he left us for a few hours to take a ride with my brother, I regretted that my ignorance of the art of riding prevented me from being of the party.

'But I ſhould never have done were I to purſue all the threads of the hiſtory of my attachment to this ſingular man. You may perhaps conceive how much he daily gained upon my affections, and what I felt when I thought I had diſcovered that I was an object of his continual attention. It was more than probable that he had not come, without ſome reaſon; and if he were to ſolicit my hand, what was I to do? He was a proteſtant, but of an ancient family, and very rich. My guardian and my brother ſeemed deſirous of forming an alliance with his houſe. He was not more than twenty-four years old. The extraordinary endowments of his mind could not be doubted; and never was there a more perfect coincidence in ſentiments and opinions than between him and me. But, thought I, what does all this ſignify if his manners are ſuch as my brother deſcribes? My ſcruples returned; I reſolved not to love him till I was ſure that he was a better man than my brother reported.

'What reſolutions we form when we do not know our own minds! The ſtranger, who intended to remain with us only three or four days, had already prolonged his ſtay to eight. More than one *tête-a tête* had improved our acquaintance: but neither myſelf, nor any of my friends, was preciſely informed of his intentions. What at firſt excited my curioſity was no longer a ſecret, but I wanted to know ſtill more. A painter on his travels had ſeen my portrait at the houſe of my deceaſed friend, Franciſca, who related to him ſo much concerning the original, that he could not reſt till he formed an acquaintance with me. With the impreſſion produced by this acquaintance, with the account given him by my friend and my portrait, he proſecuted his travels. From him the ſtranger had learned what he knew concerning me before he met with my brother, and this it was that inſpired him with the idea of accompanying the latter to our houſe. This ſolution of the enigma was ſufficiently flattering to my vanity, but my heart continued unſatisfied.

'The week which we had perſuaded our gueſt to ſtay with us, inſtead of the ſhorter time which he had at firſt propoſed, had now become a fortnight. He went in and out as though he had been one of the family, but inſtead of declaring himſelf he grew more gloomy and reſerved. At length, as I was one day walking with him, I aſked what was the matter. He preſſed my hand, and looked at me with eyes ſuffuſed in tears. I bluſhed. Neither of us ſpoke, and we continued our walk. The way led to our garden. We went at a good pace, and the reſt of the company followed at a conſiderable diſtance. We entered the ſaloon in which he found us on the evening of his arrival. He looſed my arm, walked to and fro, and ſuddenly addreſſed me in theſe words:—'At that window you were ſtanding the firſt time I looked at you to diſcover whether I might love you.' Unable to reply, I ſtood like a ſtatue. He advanced cloſe to me, and looking me full in the face, graſped both my hands,

hands, and said with deep emotion :— 'Could you consent to be my friend?' I am so already; replied I, without knowing what idea I atached to the expression. He threw his arms about me; I felt the fire of his embrace.—'Ah!' exclaimed he, looking me, 'that I had never known you!' He turned from me, and leaned with his face towards the window. I was going to leave the saloon; but hearing the noise of the door, he hastened towards me and earnestly intreated me to stay.

'I looked at him with astonishment. In a tone perhaps somewhat sarcastic, I said:—If you wish you had never known me, why are you so anxious for my company?—He looked first at the ground and then at me, at the same time grasping my right hand. He was evidently seeking an answer, but could find none. I endeavoured to disengage my hand, and thus proceeded:—you are an incomprehensible man; if you have any thing more to say, make haste, and come along with me. It will be more becoming if the company finds us in the garden.

'By this time he seemed to have recovered himself. Stooping cordially to me, he said in a low voice:—'I see you to day perhaps for the last time. I must therefore confess that I love you already more than I ought, and that I feel that my attachment would be unbounded if I were more intimately acquainted with your merits. I was unhappy when I came; I am much more so now that I am going. You cannot understand me, but if you could, I should at least have your pity.' When do you go? asked I, as though he had been about to leave me immediately. He was about to reply, when we heard the company coming. I collected myself as well as I could, but the agitation of all my senses was extreme.

When my friend, for by that name, I shall now call him, conducted me home, I walked by his side as silent as though it had been a funeral procession. It was not till I knew we were about to part that I felt the full force of my attachment for him.

'He supped with us, and staid till late. All my thoughts were absorbed by him, and I could observe that all his attention was occupied by me.—With a warmth which he had never shewn in company, he kissed my hand at parting. Next morning a note was brought from him, informing us that a letter which he had found on his return to his lodgings, had obliged him to set out immediately to meet a friend, but that he hoped to see us again soon.

'In seventeen days (for I took good care to count them all) my friend returned. Upon his brow were seated a serenity and confidence which were communicated to me like the animating influence of spring. He mentioned the name of the place where he had been, but concealed that of his pretended friend. After we had wished him joy on his arrival, he told us that he had relinquished his intention of going to Vienna; and that his father had besides given him permission to spend the winter with us. A whole winter! thought I, exulting. If, as Rousseau thinks, it is possible to live a thousands years in a quarter of an hour, what an eternity will this winter be!

'Every thing in and about me was altered now that my friend appeared so. A great change had taken place in him, that I was thoroughly convinced of; what kind of a one it was I hoped to learn in our next *tete-a-tete*. The first look with which he again saluted me, evinced that I was no loser by it.

'We soon had an opportunity of being alone together. He came to speak to my brother, who had gone out, and found me in his room, where I sometimes used to draw, because it was lighter there than in any other

part

part of the houſe. I was going to riſe; but he begged me to ſit ſtill, took a chair, ſeated himſelf beſide me, made ſome obſervations on my drawing, and then haſtened to the main ſubject. He told me that no friend had ſent for him when he left us ſo ſuddenly, but he only wanted to be alone, that he might come to ſome fixed determination. All that he was at liberty to communicate to me reſpecting this determination was, that, at all events, whether fortune proved favourable to him or not, he would diſcloſe to me the ſecret of his unhappy ſituation before he would venture either to offer me his hand, or to part from me for ever. It was not yet time for this; but before long perhaps circumſtances might be changed. He conjured me, till the period ſhould arrive when he could ſpeak more plainly, to rely upon his ſincerity and affection. He expreſſed himſelf with ſuch frankneſs and animation, and in ſo decided a tone, that I was perſuaded the motives on which he acted could not but be of an honourable kind. From that hour I conceived for him a regard which daily encreaſed, ſo that the anxiety of my love was abſorbed in the confidence of friendſhip.

'The correſpondence of our ſentiments, of our taſtes and diſtaſtes, was aſtoniſhing. His attention to procure me every little pleaſure that he could, made him my conſtant companion. Not a trait in his conduct confirmed my brother's report of his levity and licentiouſneſs. He complied with every thing that circumſtances required; he took part in our balls and concerts; ſometimes too he loſt more money at play than he ought to have riſked, but he was not paſſionately attached to any amuſement of this kind. His greateſt pleaſure, as he himſelf ſaid, was to be in my company, to converſe, to read, or to play on the harpſichord with me. In company we appeared inſeparable; where one was, there the other was ſure to be found; and as our love was ennobled into friendſhip, ſo our friendſhip ſpoke exactly the language of love.

'In the midſt of theſe pleaſures, however, there were moments in which I had a preſentiment of what awaited me. Often, when he had juſt proteſted that he ſcarcely deſired to be more happy, he would ſuddenly turn from me and conceal his face. If I aſked him what he ailed, he would give me vague anſwers, and always referred me to that period when he ſhould be at liberty to reveal his ſecret. He was ſtill more frequently out of humour, abſent, and unſuſceptible of pleaſure. I obſerved that his humour was governed by the poſt days, and that he was never ſo dull as when he had received letters.

'The happy winter was paſt; and with the commencement of ſpring my friend received from his father an injunction to return home. 'We muſt part, ſaid he to me, 'for three months, this is the lateſt term of my expectations. The die is caſt, and I will now examine how it lies. In three months I will return, as ſure as I love you.'

'I know not whether it was theſe words themſelves, or the tone in which they were uttered, that ſhocked me like a prediction of misfortune, I was alarmed to find myſelf ſo near the goal which I durſt not look at. Confounded as I was, I received his proteſtation, and aſked pointedly, as if I knew more than I ought,—As ſure as you love me *alone!* My friend turned pale, and was overwhelmed with ſilent embarraſſment. A tear ſtarted into his eye; he ſeriouſly kiſſed my hand, and ſaid in a tone that rent my heart:—'I thank you for aſking.'

'What would I have given to have been able to recal my queſtion! I had myſelf run upon the dagger which he had ſo carefully turned away

away from me. I had cheated myself in a moment of the three months which he intended to give me. Vexation with my unfeasonable curiosity overpowered even the sense of my loss; and as we are always disposed to do justice to others when we are desirous of effecting a reconciliation with ourselves, I drew my hand from him, and coldly said:—Then you have changed me for another.

His feelings were deeply hurt; yet without the least acrimony he replied—'I loved another before I knew you. Had she all at once become indifferent to me, still I should have been ashamed to sacrifice her to one more worthy; for she is an excellent girl, and is attached to me.

'Thus was the proud fabric reared by my fancy, levelled with the ground. I felt not how dear I was to him, but only that another participated in those affections which I wished exclusively to engross. Had he hated me I should, at that moment, have been better pleased. And yet how easy it was for him to justify himself when he again resumed, and pronounced his own condemnation. He protested that since he had become acquainted with me, he could not possibly be happy with his former friend, whom he still loved and esteemed, but whom he hoped to forget in my arms

'Odious hope! exclaimed I; and doubly odious were I to contribute towards its accomplishment. Why did you not part from me, why did you not leave me before? 'Whither should I go?' said he affectionately.

'Whither? rejoined I; can there be a question about that.—Back to her to whom you have been inconstant. He shook his head. 'Shall I tell her of my inconstancy?'

'What reply I made I cannot repeat. Disputations of this kind always lead to the same point from which we set out, and our understanding is but too well disposed to think an injustice pardonable which is committed out of love to us by a man to whom we are attached. In order to silence me entirely, my friend added, that by a connection with my rival he should incur the displeasure of his father, and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of seeing her united to another. He well knew the weight which this last piece of information would have with me, and how much it would contribute to restore my tranquillity. I cannot deny that this intelligence respecting the first mistress of my friend had sunk her considerably in my opinion; but he, on the contrary, had raised himself in my esteem, by speaking of her with such respect. He seemed rather to waver between love and conscience than between love and love; his irresolution did him honour. I had no occasion to entertain any apprehension of a rival. With such like reasoning I lulled my sick heart to sleep, and knew not that I was playing with the mere phantoms of my imagination.

'My friend departed; and, with a fortitude that appeared strange even to myself, I looked after the carriage that removed him from me. Hope had dazzled my eyes and intoxicated my heart; he was now the subject of much conversation between me, my guardian, and my brother: and I learned, not without horror, that they both looked upon me as fully engaged to my friend, and already began to consider of the terms of the marriage contract. I thought I had a right to enquire the reasons of such an over-hasty procedure. They laughed at me; I grew extremely grave, and assured them that I was every thing but engaged. And now conceive what I must have felt when I was informed that my friend had, the day after the unexpected

explanation

explanation between us, formally demanded my hand of my guardian and my brother, and had obtained their consent.

'I was overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation. Undecided in what manner to obtain satisfaction, I waited till I should receive the first letter from my friend. It soon arrived, but inclosed in a letter to my guardian, and written in such a manner that he or any body else might have read it. I answered it in the same style, and received a similar reply, to which I returned no answer.

'Thus was I bereft of the pleasure I had expected from a correspondence fraught with truth and affection. My friend was too inexplicable for me to think of him any longer with complacency; and if I did not think of him the less on that account, still my attachment afforded me no satisfaction. I felt an imperious impulse to do something to shew that I was not made to perform merely a passive part in such matters as ours. To this humour I was perhaps indebted for the power to act on his return in such a manner as at least every woman would not have done in my situation.

'Before the expiration of two months I saw him again. He surprized us in the country, where we had been for some weeks. My guardian received him with transport, as though it had been the signal for the preparations for the wedding. I saluted him with politeness; my reserve did not appear to disconcert him. He looked at me several times, as if he had something to tell me. These looks I did not return; but I could not forbear observing him with such attention as if I had never seen him before. He no longer seemed to be the same person; his countenance displayed a certain wildness when, absorbed in thought, he looked on either side. In his gait there was an impetuosity, in his motions an irregularity, in his expressions a vehemence which I had never yet remarked. He laughed and joked with glee; and when his *bon-mots*, and reflections had delighted the company, he would sink down and turn pale like one exhausted. He would then look at me with eyes replete with fervent melancholy, as if to implore me to be reconciled to him; after this he would follow me to speak to me alone, while for four days I contrived that he should not find an opportunity.

'We are soon tired of a part which the heart does not act along with us. I was at length unable to withstand the desire of knowing whether my friend still remained my friend, and therefore gave him an opportunity for a *tête-a tête*.

'My guardian's country-house was situated near the Danube. The terraces of a garden which, on one side was laid out in the English taste, commanded a prospect of the glistening stream; there I seated myself after a walk with my friend, while my brother thought fit to leave us together, to amuse himself with the game-keeper.

'Thank God,' said my friend, 'I have once more an opportunity of speaking to you. I have a great deal to tell you, and, in the first place, to beg your pardon.'

'Pardon? I replied; I knew not that you had done any thing which required pardon.

'He looked at me.—'I have not wilfully offended you,' said he; 'I have done what was my duty; and in thus acting, have done violence to myself, and all—so sure as I am not deserving of your hatred—because I loved you. Not till I have acknowledged all my errors, not till you approve of the manner in which I intend to atone for them, will I seriously ask you whether you can resolve to be my wife.

'Oh!

'Oh! said I, with reſpect to that queſtion you obtained an anſwer two months ago from my guardian.

'Thereſa,' he replied, 'you wiſh to puniſh me; and that becauſe I did, from irreſiſtible love to you, what I otherwiſe would not have done. But you ought not to judge me from fragments of my conduct. Hearken to my whole ſtory, and then decide where I ſhall find reſt, in your arms or in the grave.'

'After the introduction, I was obliged to promiſe my friend my whole attention, and would have given it without any ſuch promiſe. I cannot repeat his narrative in his own words; I will relate the moſt material particulars as though I had been an eye witneſs of what I know from him.'

(To be continued.)

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 476.)

FRANCISCO had appriſed Matilda of the arrival of Orlando at the caſtle when he returned thither to ſave Victoria from deſtruction, and promiſed her an interview with him as ſoon as prudence (upon Orlando's account) would permit. The time for her viſiting her gardians's habitation was appointed. The artleſs Matilda, in tranſport at the idea of ſo ſoon beholding her beloved Theodore, whom ſhe had long believed ſhe was doomed no more to ſee, by ſome ungarded expreſſion announced to her companions 'her guardian's intention of taking her that evening to his cave, to ſee a dear friend of hers.'

The wary Guzman, who learned all this, contrived to have Franciſco detained at his cell in the foreſt by a troop of pilgrims, while he himſelf went to Santa Maria, completely diſguiſed as a venerable lay brother of the Obſervantine monaſtery, and delivered an order to the domina, apparently written by Franciſco, to deliver Matilda to his care; who, unſuſpicious of treachery, cheerfully accompanied him, until his taking a different path in the foreſt to that which led to Franciſco's cell taught her apprehenſion. Inſtantly ſhe ſtopped and refuſed to proceed.

Guzman, diſdaining entreaty, rudely ſeized her arm to pull her onwards; and Matilda ſhrieking vehemently as he dragged her with him, her cries were heard by Franciſco, who was then proceeding to Cadaques. The voice he thought reſembled Matilda's; yet hers it could not be. However, it was certainly ſome female in diſtreſs; and he purſued the found a conſiderable way, often ſhouting to alarm the ruffians, and give notice to the diſtreſt that ſuccour was at hand. The ſubtile Guzman, recogniſing Franciſco's voice, inſtantly determined upon a change of plan. By this time he had been joined by two brother ruffians, who were in wait for him; and inſtead of conveying Matilda to that part of the caſtle particularly ſacred to don Manuel, which was the original intention, they hurried her to one of thoſe ſecret caverns with which the foreſt abounded, and, placing her in one of the interior cavaties, from whence no ſound could iſſue, guarded her until midnight; when they dragged her thence, and through ſome of the ſurrounding ſubterraneous paſſages at length conducted her to that very chamber in the caſtle occupied by Victoria, a chamber long unuſed, and ſtill believed to be ſo by Guzman.

In the intermediate time Franciſco, after wandering about the foreſt in vain for near an hour, at length no longer hearing the cries, gave up the purſuit. Upon his arrival at Santa Maria, dreadful were his diſmay and conſternation upon hearing of the treachery which had been practiſed by ſome one to gain poſſeſſion of Matilda; and now no longer in doubt as to whoſe ſhrieks he had heard

and followed, he returned almoſt frantic to the foreſt; and after wandering there again, unſucceſsfully, for above two hours, he proceeded, overwhelmed with grief and deſpair, to his own apartments, where Lorenzo and Orlando had long been anxiouſly waiting the arrival of Matilda.

The intelligence Franciſco brought of her filled them both with deſpair and anguiſh. Orlando inſtantly determined upon going in queſt of her; but in the character of Hippolyto Franciſco would not hear of it. At length he determined upon Orlando's ſallying forth as a Spaniſh cavalier, a priſoner to the holy office. From the caſtle wardrobe Orlando was equipped with a dreſs appropriate to the Hidalgo, and a maſk to be worn both as a priſoner, and to conceal his face from the recognition of don Manuel's people.

Orlando, thus diſguiſed, iſſued forth with Franciſco to the holy office at Cadaques, from whence the latter, ſent him in purſuit of Matilda, with a ſquadron of ſoldiers and officials to guard and to aſſiſt him; and when at midnight Franciſco was returning from Cadaques after the departure of Orlando and his troop, the cries of Matilda, who was then removing from the cavern, again aſſailed his ears. He purſued the ſound, and, more fortunate than before, traced her to the apartment where the ruffians left her; and being acquainted with the ſecret paſſage from the church to it, he quickly availed himſelf of that important knowledge, and effected her reſcue.

Matilda's return to Santa Maria he now conſidered too replete with danger to be attempted. The circumſtance of finding her in the caſtle opened at once his eyes upon his ſon's diſſimulation. Many incidents now recurred to his remembrance of don Manuel's profound diſſimulation relative to Matilda; and now the eye of ſuſpicion was opened he ſaw through them all, and trembled at the magnitude of thoſe ſurrounding dangers he had inadvertently involved her in. To Eſtridii he haſtened to relate his embarraſſments, and all that had occurred; who revealed to him the ſecret of two ſmall apartments contiguous to Sebaſtian's and to the church, where he adviſed Matilda's taking refuge until a more proper aſylum could be diſcovered for her. Theſe apartments now Franciſco made as comfortable for her reception as time would admit of, and Matilda took immediate poſſeſſion of them.

Orlando, with his attendants, wandered unſucceſsfully through the night in ſearch of Matilda; and at the hour in which Franciſco generally returned from his official buſineſs at Cadaques, he parted with his guards at the entrance of Franciſco's cell, and proceeded to his friend's apartment; who, after having announced to Orlando the preſent ſafety of Matilda, and whoſe machinations they had now to apprehend relative to her, conducted him to the church, for fear of obſervation, until he could have an opportunity to change his dreſs and his complexion, and deſired him there to remain until his return, after he ſhould diſmiſs the inquiſitorial troop, and the levee of devotees, who each day thronged to his cell about that hour to receive the benediction of the holy hermit.

But though Orlando's mind was relieved by Franciſco relative to Matilda's immediate ſafety; yet ſo much did he apprehend upon her account from the machinations of don Manuel, ſo uncertain was his own fate, and ſo replete with horrors was the ſituation of her whoſe happineſs was infinitely dearer to him than his own, that he was completely loſt in profound and melancholy muſing, when he was rouſed from his reverie by her who formed the moſt painfully intereſting part of his meditation.

Nothing could equal his amaze-

ment

ment at beholding his adored Victoria in the church, except his pleasure at the unexpected interview.—But though powerful was the tumult his feelings were awakened to, he ſtill poſſeſſed ſufficient command over his prudence and honour not to break his ſolemn promiſe to Franciſco, by diſcovering himſelf to her:—for the wary monk, fearing that if Victoria was entruſted with the ſecret of who Hippolyto was, and the motive of his diſguiſe, ſhe might, in ſome unguarded moment of terror or diſtreſs, reveal it, and overwhelm both him and herſelf in total and inevitable deſtruction, therefore bound him, by his moſt ſacred word, never to diſcloſe to her his real ſituation, until they both ſhould be effectually emancipated from the power of the predacious ſociety, and completely out of the reach of Garcias. But though Orlando was interdicted from telling Victoria that he loved her, he could not reſiſt the pleaſure of ſpeaking of his paſſion, in terms which ſhe could not, believing him a perfect ſtranger, think pointed to her, and which led her to imagine he was attached to ſome one who returned his paſſion; and circumſtances afterwards preſented Matilda to her as that happy object; and that miſleading and miſconception aided to form the ſource of much ſubſequent miſery to them both. The tolling of the bell, which that morning urged Orlando to entreat the immediate departure of Victoria from the church, he knew to be his myſterious guardian's conſtant ſummons to Franciſco to meet him in the church when he had any buſineſs to diſcuſs with him; and Orlando dreaded any danger that might accrue to this idol of his heart, ſhould Elfridi ſee her in a place he had made Franciſco ſwear never to reveal to any of the captives.

During the period of Victoria's firſt adventures to the church, Diego had learned from Guzman an account of the new captive he had taken to ſuch a chamber the preceding night, and her myſterious eſcape from thence; when, much chagrined and diſtreſſed at Victoria's having been ſo diſturbed, after all his promiſes to her, and alarmed about all the probable conſequences of a captive's eſcape, Diego had ſpent ſome time in queſt of our heroine, to learn, if poſſible, ſome particulars of this eſcape from her, before he found her in the library, immediately after that eventful excurſion which Guzman and his companions had forced her to take, when they entered her chamber with a view of removing Matilda to the apartment appointed by don Manuel for her concealment.

CHAP. LXXII.

THE night of Alonzo's daring attempt to carry off our heroine, Orlando, in paſſing to his chamber, heard her ſhriek. That to him was an invincible attractor; and ſhe was encircled by his protecting arm almoſt in the ſame inſtant; and next morning, after ſhe had viſited him in his dungeon (where ſhe firſt was ſtartled by the tender yet ardent expreſſion of his countenance, which ſtrongly reminded her of the ſtranger ſhe had that day met in the church), he evinced ſo much diſtreſs, nay anguiſh, at the idea of failing in his appointment, which he confeſſed to Franciſco he had made with her, that the indulgent monk was ſubdued by con paſſion, and relieved him from his afflictions. He took Orlando from his cell, through a private paſſage from the dungeons, to his own apartments, where he allowed him to reaſſume his own complexion, and the cavalier's dreſs, and then admitted him into the church to fulfil his appointment with Victoria.

During their impriſonment in the ſame dungeon it was impoſſible to conceal from Thomas that the ſuppoſed Hippolyto was no other than his

his tenderly deplored young champion: but that grateful and affectionate creature was easily sworn to secresy; and even in the time of unbounded joy at the discovery, and in the trying moments of danger and distress, he proved faithful to his promise.

The despair and anguish of Orlando, during the time of Victoria's serious illness, were indeed pitiable.—Francisco, for form sake, had him still confined to the dungeon. But the affectionate old man took care to convey intelligence respecting her, almost as frequently as the anxious impatience of his young friend required it; and at length, when Victoria was sufficiently recovered to leave her chamber, he earnestly supplicated for permission to see her.—But Francisco, who had witnessed his anguish about her, feared the tenderness of his emotions, in the joy of once more beholding her, might lead to the discovery of more than was then consistent with prudence to reveal to her; and as the moment for her escape was not yet arrived, he commissioned Lorenzo to prevent her having any opportunity to wander into the church, where, fearing the effect of close confinement upon Orlando's health, he suffered him to walk two hours each day.

Our reader is already acquainted with conte di Vicenza's plan relative to Victoria; and when the moment arrived in which, according to his arrangements, he was to follow her into the Pyrenean castle, he judged it expedient to take with him an unfortunate young man, whose morals he had ably assisted in corrupting, and who was now entirely dependent upon him for patronage and support. Polydore well knew that Victoria was totally unacquainted with the person of conte di Urbino, but by no means so with the amiable character he bore. All his undertakings were honourable and just; and to impress our heroine with a belief that his own intentions relative to her was equally so, he ordered Massaniello, his handsome dependent and sattelite, to assume the name of conte di Urbino: and joining don Manuel and Garcias, with whom he then kept up a constant correspondence, they all entered the castle together, resolved, by accumulating every horror, to terrify Victoria into conte Vicenza's diabolical measures; and when Hero was liberated from the prison Francisco had sentenced her to, she was found a most willing auxiliary.

Our sagacious readers can scarcely want our aid to inform them that Polydore, to appear amiable in Victoria's eyes, affected no knowledge of, or connexion with, the Pyrenean brigands, and meant that she should believe affection for her had led him to brave all the horrors and perils with which captivity in that castle abounded. But whatever part Massaniello had assigned to him, he soon became a languid performer. The beauty and distress of Victoria first taught him that he had a heart capable of admitting love and humanity, and his patron's favour he would gladly have forfeited to effect her rescue from destruction; but the wary Garcias saw and prevented every effort of poor Massaniello's to befriend her.

To wound and alarm her delicacy, conte Vicenza had commissioned don Manuel to appear her inamorato; but he soon became her sincere admirer and friend; yet fearing to injure her cause by provoking Garcias and Vicenza, and not choosing to break a promise which he had given before he saw her, he forbore to evince the real regard her similitude in mind and manners to Viola had taught him to feel for her, and under the appearance of a fictitious one for some time dreadfully augmented her distress. The imprisonment of Teresa and Pedro, with the removal of

Diego, and her own confinement, were all policy of the malicious Garcias to drive her into their ſnares; and to her dungeon an auxiliary found its way which Garcias little thought of.

A captive whom Garcias had taken on board a Weſt Indiaman had dragged on a miſerable exiſtence for eleven years in that caſtle, the laſt four of which he languiſhed in a dungeon, ſuffering every ſpecies of cruelty from the diſpleaſure of Garcias. When taken, this man had with him a remarkably fine parrot, which he had meant to make money by in Europe; and this parrot Garcias had ordered ſhould attend his maſter to his dungeon, with a barbarous hope that his aſtounding noiſe and ſhrill ſqualling would diſturb the miſerable captive, who ſuffered dreadfully from a nervous malady in his head.

Death had releaſed this wretched captive from his calamities a few days only before Victoria occupied his place in the dungeon. The parrot was taken by Gonzalvo to his own apartmens. The bird had, unknown to the ſtern dungeon-keeper, followed him into his late habitation; and the words and accents he had caught from his deranged maſter moſt direfully increaſed Victoria's terrors. The clapping of the bird's wings, as he heavily flew acroſs the cell to look for food, extinguiſhed her expiring lamp, and left her a prey to the moſt awful enervating fears: but in deſpite of every horror, her firm reliance upon Heaven ſupported her along the path of rectitude, and every plan of the vile aſſociates againſt her was foiled by the decree of Him in whom ſhe truſted.

In that moment when our perſecuted heroine had fainted in the library, after having refuſed to ſign the contract, and that her villanous tormentors were only waiting her recovery to compel her to it, Heaven ordained that the duca di Manfredonia and Franciſco, in returning from viſiting Orlando in his priſon, and not knowing that any perſon was in the library—for it was unuſual after night fall—were about to avail themſelves (for expedition's ſake) of that paſſage already mentioned in explaining the appearance of the ſhadow. Vicenza leaned againſt the very pannel, and feeling it move beneath his hand naturally looked to ſee the cauſe; when his aſtoniſhed eyes beheld the countenance of the duca di Manfredonia, which, though ſo changed by years of miſery, Polydore inſtantly recogniſed to be the face of him, he firmly believed, he had ſo long ſince conſigned to the murderer's hand. Appalled by this dreadful preternatural viſitation, which he conceived it to be, his ſenſes inſtantly forſook him; and Lorenzo quickly cloſed the pannel unobſerved by any other perſon: and now for the firſt time this unfortunate man preſumed to ſolicit Franciſco to expedite the eſcape of Victoria and his beloved pupil.

From all which Victoria (little knowing whom ſhe was addreſſing) had told Lorenzo from time to time of her aunt and conte Vicenza, and all the direful hiſtories of both, ſo fraught with which Orlando returned from France, Lorenzo little doubted but to the villany of Polydore he owed his own captivity. Seeing this wretch now in the caſtle gave conviction to ſuſpicion, and explained the reaſon why Garcias had ordered him to remain a cloſe priſoner in his own apartments. All he had himſelf ſuffered from the villany of Vicenza taught him to apprehend the direſt horrors for Victoria, unleſs ſhe was inſtantly ſnatched from the fangs of the fiends who were determined upon her deſtruction; and of powerfully he pleaded, that Franciſco reſolved to ſacrifice every ſelfiſh feeling and immediately to provide for her eſcape.

The

The brigantine which Alonzo had prepared for his attempt ſtill lay in readineſs; and Franciſco immediately ſet about ſelecting a ſufficient number of hands to work it—of men whom he dared to truſt with ſuch an important commiſſion without fearing their betraying him to Garcias. The fugitives once out of the reach of purſuit, he feared not the wrath of Garcias. He was an Inquiſitor! and that terrible word ſettled all his accounts with the predacious brotherhood: and to thoſe men to whom he now confided this enterpriſe he gave the moſt efficacious charge for the ſafety of Victoria, and for their protection of her; ſince he told them, 'that, if purſued, and they allowed the lady Victoria to fall into the hands of the purſuers, their lives ſhould anſwer it before the tribunal of the Inquiſition.' This was an arduous, difficult, and delicate matter to arrange; yet, in the courſe of that night he ſelected a ſufficient number of men in whom he could confide. Orlando he forbore to appriſe of his intentions until all was warily ſettled for eſcape the ſucceeding night.

In the intermediate time, Alonzo, ſufficiently recovered from his wounds, again thought of putting his raſh project into execution. He was in the ſecret of conte Vicenza's ſchemes, and knew therefore not a moment muſt now be loſt. While impriſoned by Franciſco in the weſtern tower, he had inſidiouſly corrupted the fidelity of his ſentinel; who, in paſſing to or from Alonzo's priſon, encountered Elfridii upon one of his penitential rambles. This man watched him, and ſaw him enter our heroine's chamber through a ſecret way which no other perſon in the caſtle knew of. This important diſcovery he haſtened with to his new friend Alonzo, who reſolved to avail himſelf of ſuch precious information; and, when he judged it expedient, ſent his minion Carlos to his private door to make his obſervations, and find out the beſt way of carrying off our heroine in the dead of the ſucceeding night. Alonzo perceived not that Carlos was inebriated: but that wretch had juſt drunk enough to ſtupify his ſenſes, yet thought himſelf wondrous wiſe. Arrived at this ſecret paſs, and availing himſelf of ſome cracks in the tapeſtry, he ſaw how deeply Victoria was engaged in prayer; and it ſtruck his brilliant imagination that it would be a very clever exploit to lead Hero to Alonzo, for them all to conſult together. Unſeen by Victoria he now could do it, but thought not once of how Hero could return unobſerved. Not, however, in a mood for reflecting upon conſequences, he preſented himſelf to Hero's view. Surpriſe transfixed her for a moment, and prevented any exclamation; and upon Carlos cautiouſly motioning for her to follow him in ſilence, ſhe unheſitatingly complied—her ſtill unſubdued attachment to Alonzo leading her to hope, from this unexpected ſummons, all her fond deluded heart taught her to wiſh realiſed.

They departed unſeen, unheard by Victoria, then completely abſorpt in her employment: and on their way to the chamber of Alonzo they were met by Franciſco, who was then roving about arranging for our heroine's eſcape, and who, ſuſpecting treachery from their appearance at ſuch an hour commanded them to follow him in ſilence. They dared not diſobey; and he led them on to his cell, where two officials of the holy office were then waiting for his orders relative to ſome other buſineſs; into whoſe hands he inſtantly delivered Hero and Carlos, with directions to confine them in the priſons of the holy office at Cadaques until further orders. Franciſco had no intention of deſtroying them; but believing they had been

been watching him, and had diſcovered his plans, he though this the moſt effectual method of preventing their malicious purpoſes: and no trace remaining in the caſtle of Hero or Carlos occaſioned much amazement and conſternation to Garcias and his aſſociates.

The enraptured Orlando, when informed the following morning that all was ready for eſcape at night, haſtened, on the glad wings of hope and joy, to the monument in the church, contiguous to the library; where anxiouſly watching for his adored Victoria, Heaven at length permitted him to inform her, that the happy moment of her emancipation was at hand. This ſhort but joyful interview paſt, Orlando dedicated the remaining moments of his ſtay to his beloved Sebaſtian, Franciſco, and Matilda. A day of dreadful agitation it was to him: the ſaddening fear of no more beholding thoſe friends ſo dear to him rent again his heart with anguiſh; but love was arbitrary, and tore him from every other tender tie. But at length Franciſco, overcome by the ſorrow he felt and witneſſed, promiſed that whilſt he lived they ſhould all ſometimes meet. This was conſolation—a cordial that inſpirited all; and when Orlando conducted Matilda back to her ſolitary apartments at an early hour (he and Franciſco having much to arrange before the time of departure), Victoria heard thoſe words of ardent friendſhip uttered by Matilda which conveyed ſo much and ſuch lengthened anguiſh to her heart.

In vain had Orlando importuned Franciſco to allow Matilda (who he could ſcarcely believe was not his ſiſter, though no earthly teſtimony had appeared to convince him that ſhe was ſo) to accompany Victoria; but the monk pleaded, in excuſe for his denial, the agony of mind that he ſhould ſuffer, were both the children of his care at once to leave him. Matilda muſt comfort him and Sebaſtian for the loſs they were about to ſuſtain: but at a future period he would provide a ſafe and honourable aſylum for her, even perhaps with him and lady Victoria.'

All this was plauſible; but Franciſco had a more forcible, yet untold, motive for her ſtay lurking in his mind. This ſtrange, this verſatile old man, tenderly attached to his lately diſcovered ſon, fondly hoped to ſee the hour of his reformation. He knew there were ſome ſeeds of good propenſities in don Manuel's heart; and he flattered himſelf that, though late, they would ſome time flouriſh, and exterminate all thoſe noxious weeds which had ſo long poiſoned the ſoil, and blighted each bud of virtue; and the young, beautiful, and amiable Matilda ſhould be the rich reward of that anxiouſly wiſhed-for time: until when he was reſolved not only to conceal her from the world, but if poſſible from don Manuel himſelf; upon whom, in his preſent profligate ſtate, he would not for kingdoms beſtow what he conſidered ſuch an ineſtimable treaſure.

As the evening of the intended eſcape advanced, Franciſco became reſtleſs and ſuſpicious, and ſo apprehenſive of treachery and diſcovery, that he wandered from paſſage to paſſage, round the kitchen, library, parlour, liſtening to every ſound, and attentive to every tranſaction; by which means he became acquainted with the plan of changing Victoria's chamber, which was occaſioned by Hero's myſterious diſappearance the preceding night. It was now neceſſary to apprize Orlando of this unexpected event. He haſtened therefore to the church, where our hero and Pedro (whom, with Thomas, Franciſco had ſtolen out of priſon, as men in, whom he might ſafely confide) were in waiting. Their conſternation and Orlando's

anguiſh were dreadful, until Franciſco aſſured them he could (although through a tedious way) even conduct them to her new apartment; and now, for the firſt time, he objected to Orlando's appearing in his own perſon as the deliverer of Victoria.

'I have been maturely deliberating over this matter,' ſaid he, 'and now think that as Hippolyto you will appear as my agent, and one devoted to the intereſt and ſervice of the inquiſition; and the men will have no incentive to betray you, or to operate againſt their fears of me and the holy office. But if you go as Theodore, they know the enmity of Garcias to you; and therefore, if purſued and overpowered, that his immediate vengeance would fall upon them for aſſiſting you, and that they would be ſacrificed before they could claim the inquiſitorial protection: you, therefore, they would inſtantly deliver to your purſuers, even ſhould they attempt to contend for the poſſeſſion of lady Victoria.'

There was too much reaſon in what Franciſco urged for Orlando to make any objection. Beſide, he conſidered that although as Hippolyto his views upon Victoria's heart had no chance of being advanced, yet it would be more congenial to the delicacy of her feelings, he was well aware, to be thrown upon the protection of a man whoſe apparent ſituation placed him at ſuch an humble diſtance, than on that of a young unmarried man, her equal in rank, and almoſt a ſtranger to her: he therefore unheſitatingly haſtened to change his dreſs and his complexion, and ſolemnly pledged himſelf to Franciſco not to reaſſume his own natural appearance, or avow himſelf to her, until every fear of the villanous confederates was removed.

At length, after a tedious and troubleſome route, Franciſco providentially conducted Orlando to the chamber of our heroine, juſt in time to reſcue her from the villanous machinations of conte Vicenza; who, the moment he found himſelf wounded, and that Victoria was ſnatched from him, made ſuch a tumult, that Garcias and ſome of his myrmidons, who were waiting at no great diſtance, ready at call, to force Victoria by further cruelties to ſign the contract, appeared. A ſurgeon was ſummoned to dreſs the wound, and a ſearch throughout the caſtle immediately ſet on foot.

A length of time was neceſſarily taken up in examining all the known paſſages, and in queſtioning Gonzalvo as to Hippolyto's liberation from priſon; which he was totally ignorant of, as Franciſco had effected it: for, by Polydore's deſcription of Victoria's champion, Hippolyto at once was known to be the miſcreant. An alarm was given to the outpoſts; ſo that for a length of time the final eſcape of the fugitives was thought impoſſible. But at laſt, after minute inveſtigation, and general conſternation from ſome ſounds one of the ſentinels had heard off ſhore, they were led to ſuppoſe they had put to ſea: and a quick ſailing caravel, with Garcias and his own crew, as ſpeedily as poſſible got under weigh in purſuit of them. And as it was concluded that France would be the deſtination of the fugitives, Garcias ſtood off for that coaſt.

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER VI.

IN that happy union of inſtruments, which produces the harmony of life, I now begin to look upon the trumpet of fame as a mere '*tinkling cymbal*;' and I alſo begin to find, that in the grand ſecret of happineſs, the Engliſh are not quite ſuch adepts as the French. It is true the wealth of the former gives them corn

corn, wine, and oil in abundance: but as, according to the ſchoolmen, nothing can be received otherwiſe than in proportion to the recipient, we muſt take into account the indigeſtive ſtomachs into which the aforeſaid corn, wine, and oil are ſo frequently poured. Nine Frenchmen in ten dance from morning to night to no other tune than black bread, onion ſoup and fallad: the ſame proportion of Engliſhmen fret themſelves to ſuicide over the fumes of veniſon and mock-turtle. Sir Charles Meagrim did me the honor to notice me at lady V——'s dejeuné: he underſtood that I was an emigrant who had ſnatched a ſmall pittance from the maw of the revolution, and concluded, that I muſt be in a fit ſtate of mind to condole with him, who was ſuffering with the accumulated preſſure of birth, health, a beautiful wife, and a landed property of ſeven thouſand pounds per annum. The worthy baronet gave me a ſeat in his curricle, and entertained me all the way from Chiſwick to London, with a hiſtory of his own grievances.—'My dear ſir,' ſaid he, with a look of deſpondence, 'you don't know what a Briton endures. In this very carriage I drove laſt Saturday to dine with Tom Tipple on Barnes terrace: and would you believe it? On my way thither I was blinded with duſt, and on my return ſoaked with rain.' 'Doubtleſs,' anſwered I, 'the former produced an opthalmia and the latter a ſore throat.' 'Why no,' replied the baronet, 'not ſo bad as that.' 'Then,' rejoined I, 'your misfortune was not of that magnitude I imagined. If you had, like me, endured,'—I was about to ſing my own dirge, when we arrived at the corner of Panton ſtreet. I alighted at this place, and the worthy baronet having invited me to dinner on the following Monday, proceeded to his abode in Baker-ſtreet. On the appointed afternoon, I was uſhered through a lane of lacquies to ſir Charles's drawing-room, where I was graciouſly received by the handſome lady Meagrim, at whoſe ſide ſat a young female of an intereſting and faſhionable appearance. In about half an hour, the dinner party had aſſembled, conſiſting of a young man of faſhion, with grey eyes and a pimpled face, two ſlender officers of the guards, whoſe red doublets and white faces brought to my memory the rival houſes of York and Lancaſter, and an old ſwearing ſea-captain, with nothing poliſhed about him except his wooden leg. At dinner, I was fortunate enough to be ſeated next to the young lady whoſe firſt appearance had ſo intereſted me, and in her agreeable converſation found a celeſtial reward for the martyrdom of being obliged to ſwallow large portions of Madeira every ſecond minute. The dinner was ſuperb, and from the accurate knowlege of cookery diſplayed by ſir Charles and the two officers, I had little doubt of their having ſuperintended the preparation of it in the kitchen. I can aſſure thee that our Pariſian *gourmands* are mere hermits to the epicures of London. The ſea-captain, in an interval, (made *lucid* by a glaſs of ſparkling Champagne) caſt his eyes towards me, and exclaimed, '*Mounſeer Endymion*, I do ſuppoſe this is a *maigre* day with you, becauſe ſir Charles has no frogs at table.' 'My dear Endymion,' ſaid ſir Charles, 'upon my ſoul I beg your pardon—I quite forgot—lady Meagrim, my dear, how could you be ſo careleſs—If we had but thought of it on our return yeſterday, from Greenwich, we might have laid in a ſtock at Tower ditch.' 'My dear ſir,' anſwered I, bluſhing through my dark beard, like ſir Solomon in the ſong, 'frogs are not to my taſte. If you had as many as king Pharaoh, I could not touch one.'—'Talking of Pharo,' ſqueaked the

emaciated

emaciated enſign on my right, 'what do you think I won at lady Shuffle's laſt night?' 'What do you think I loſt?' vociferated the leader of ſquadrons. 'Capital veniſon, upon my ſoul!' cried the youth, with grey eyes. 'What an infernal ſhower!' ejaculated the baronet, as the rain pattered againſt his plate glaſs.—'Red or white,' anſwered the ſea-captain. With theſe croſs vollies, peculiar to the Engliſh, was the converſation conducted for ſome time, each man ſhutting his eyes to his neighbour's attacks, and diſcharging his piece at random, like Gil Blas among the robbers.

When the cloth was removed, all the male eyes, except thoſe of thy Endymion, began to ſparkle in uniſon with the half-pint glaſſes, which were arranged on the table for the reception of claret. I had ſoon the mortification to obſerve ſir Charles caſt a ſignificant glance at his lady, who roſe from table, and, with her lovely aſſociate, quitted the room.—Bumpers and politics were now the order of the night: claret became as plentiful as water, ſenſe and amuſement as ſcarce as *liqueurs*, and all the converſation, by degrees, centered in hunting and conteſted elections. My fate has too nearly reſembled that of Acteon, to allow of my deriving much pleaſure from the former topic; my ignorance of borough myſteries rendered me unequal to the latter.—Luckily, at this period, a conteſt of the fiſt, entered into in the ſtreet, by a Bermondſey tanner and a Goſwell-ſtreet dray-man, drew every man from the table. Even Bacchus is, in this town, unable to withſtand Gulley, and in the general ſympathy created by the conteſt, I withdrew unperceived. On my joining lady Meagrim, ſhe expreſſed ſurpriſe as well as pleaſure, at ſeeing me ſo ſoon. 'Had you lived in Paris, madam,' ſaid I, 'where the myrtle is more faſhionable than the vine, you would not have expreſſed wonder at ſo ordinary an occurrence.' The converſation I now enjoyed with this amiable and ſpouſe-neglected woman, is not to be ſpoilt by a pen like mine.—Her lovely friend gained every moment on my affections, and was in the very act of giving new charms to that impreſſive air, '*O Giove onnipotente*' in '*Il Rato di Proſerpina*,' when on caſting my eyes downward, upon a hand that emulated in whiteneſs the ivory over which it moved, I had the mortification to perceive—a wedding ring! Inſtantly, my eyes grew dim, the ſhade of Hymen in his ſaffron robe, roſe between me and the object of my affections, and poor Cupid found that his labour had been thrown away. Alas, poor Endymion! it was always thus—looking one way and rowing another—ſteady topſails, and ſhifting ballaſt!—But what was it to me, whether married or unmarried?—Whoever ſaw a ſcare crow like me in the garden of Eden? I am now reſolved to learn wiſdom. I will, like theſe iſlanders, henceforth weigh all proffered pleaſures in the ſcales of philoſophy—I will analyſe every thing, and be pleaſed with—nothing.

London Faſhions.

EVENING DRESS.

A ROUND dreſs of white imperial ſarſnet, or Italian crape, with a Roman tunick of amber ſatin, or Chineſe ſilk. Antique ſtomacher, ſhort folded ſleeve, and roſet trimmings. Hair diſpoſed in alternate bands and curls, with a long cork-ſcrew ringlet falling from the left temple on the ſhoulder. Creſcent comb, or ornament of fine wrought gold, placed in front of the hair. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of amethyſt, ſet tranſparent. French kid gloves above the elbow. Shoes of white ſatin; and India fan of carved ivory.

A RIDING

A RIDING DRESS.—A Spaniſh habit, or Poliſh riding dreſs, with the patriotic helmet; formed of ſuperfine Georgian cloth, or thin kerſeymere. Gold buttons, and trimmings to correſpond. Small French watch, worn on the outſide. Plain high cravat of French cambric; collar of the habit fitting cloſe round the throat. Hair in irregular ringlets. Gloves and ſhoes of lemon coloured kid.

LONDON HALF DRESS.——A plain Spaniſh robe of white or pea-green farſnét, with ſhort union ſleeves, and winged ruff *a-la-Cleopatra*, formed of rich antique point. A Grecian turban, with tiara front, edged with pearl, or coloured beads; a pendant end falling on the left ſhoulder, terminated with a correſpondent taſſel. Hair in plain bands, with a few ſimple curls at the ear. Gold filigree earrings of the globe form. Necklace and bracelets of pale carved amber. An amber brooch in form of a heart, apparently confining the robe at the boſom. Long white kid gloves fitting cloſe to the arm, and confined under the ſleeve. Shoes of fancy kid, or imperial ſilk; colour to ſuit the dreſs. White crape fan, wrought in ſilver hieroglyphics.

A MORNING NEGLIGEE.—A ſimple round gown, with long ſleeves, and frock boſom; compoſed of India muſlin, either plain, or figured; worn often entirely without trimming, but more generally ornamented with needle-work or ſcolloped lace. A large fancy gipſy hat, of French chip, or fine plaited ſtraw, worn without any ornament. A large half ſquare mantle or ſcarf, of pea-green and white ſhot farſnet, or amber muſlin, in graceful negligence over one ſhoulder—brought acroſs the front of the boſom, and tied in a military knot and long ends on the adverſe ſide of the waiſt. Gloves and ſhoes of pea-green, or palm coloured kid. Green ſhaded paraſol with white fringe.

It is neceſſary to obſerve, that with this dreſs it is more conſiſtent, and decorous, to cover the boſom, either with a ſhirt of French net, or wrought muſlin.

General Obſervations on the Faſhions for the Seaſon.

WE cannot recollect an æra when the general rich and ſplendid reign of autumn was more favourably diſtinguiſhed. Amidſt the luxuriance and beauty which pervade both the animal and vegetable part of creation, nothing can equal the animated and lively grace which beams in the ſmile of beauty, and decorates in a great degree, the preſent taſteful coſtume of the Britiſh female. Fair daughters of Albion! ever famed for perſonal charms and modeſt worth; ye have greatly advanced in that neceſſary ſpecies of worldly knowledge, which teaches—that it is no deviation from duty to introduce your virtues by a becoming exterior. But attend to the voice that would guard you from extremes, and direct you in that art which is no longer innocent, when faſhion is allowed to tyrannize over modeſty and female delicacy. It is the virtues which can alone ſubſtantiate that impreſſion inſpired by perſonal beauty and grace. This ſhort and moral diſgreſſion from our general ſubject of remark, will we truſt be pardoned by our fair countrywomen, when they remember that thoſe are ever our beſt friends who, in kindneſs, warn us againſt a threatened, or even poſſible evil.

As at this ſeaſon of the year (not improperly termed—*Faſhion's holiday*,) a large range is given to individual invention; we have rather to direct our fair faſhionables in their choice of ſuch articles, which, while they preſerve the prevailing ſtyle, may yet afford a pleaſing and conſiſtent variety. To this important branch of our ſubject, therefore, we now

more immediately call the attention of our readers.

The moſt novel articles in peliſſes and mantles, are now formed of coloured muſlins, painted or printed in India ſhawl patterns, or in fancy antique borders. Thoſe of white muſlin, or leno, with the raiſed pea ſpot, bear alſo a faſhionable diſtinction, and from their neatneſs and convenience are worthy a place amidſt their more ſhowy contemporaries. In the conſtruction of theſe articles we diſcover little novelty, except that they are formed with a high round collar, puckered very ſmall, which are faſtened at the throat with a ſilver filigree, or other neat brooch.

The Spaniſh mantle, and patriotic helmet, as deſcribed in our laſt number, are now in high requeſt; and ell-wide ſquares, and half ſquares, a yard and half in length, of coloured muſlin, wrought in ſmall feathered tufts, and diſpoſed taſtefully over the plain white robe, compriſe much grace and elegance. Small poke bonnets, formed of palm-coloured ſarſnet, alternate puckers and ſtripes, edged with Chineſe trimming, and worn with mantles, or peliſſes of the ſame, attract by the unobtruſive neatneſs of their ſhade, and the ſimple elegance of their conſtruction. But we cannot but remark that the palm-colour is appropriate only to females of the moſt delicate complexion.

The French tippet, which had ever a flippant (not to ſay vulger effect) was ſeldom adapted by women of refined taſte; it is now ſubmitting to a gradual decline. French cloaks, of coloured, or white ſarſnet, trimmed with fancy floſs borders, or lace, more gracefully ſupply their place; the end of theſe cloaks are not permitted to reach below the knee. Large ſquares of leno are worn either as a mantle or as a drapery for the evening dreſs; the diſtinction conſiſts in the varied diſpoſition of its folds.

The queen Catherine's hood and tippet, is at once a moſt becoming, ſtyliſh, and ſimple ornament; and excedingly appropriate to the coloured robe. It is formed of French net, with a lace collar, beading and edging to correſpond finiſhes its terminations. When thrown over a fine head of hair, which is firſt confined with a ſimple comb, or ornament of gold, ſilver, or jewellery, it forms a decoration compriſing much grace and elegance, and well adapted for the evening parade, or Vauxhall. Robes of coloured muſlin, leno, or crape, worn over white ſarſnet, were never more in vogue, and if judiciouſly adapted to the complexion, are certainly a moſt animated and attractive habit. Gipſy hats have become more general ſince our laſt communication; they are now tied acoſs the crown (which is very low) with a coloured net handkerchief, or painted in the union border, with puffings of ribband to correſpond. They are placed very forward, and towards one ſide, exhibiting the hair in a waved crop behind; or are otherwiſe worn with a ſmall cap of French net. Caps and veils, with full roſets of ribband, demi-wreaths of flowers, or ſmall cluſters of fruit, are obſerved to blend with other taſteful decorations for the head, in evening parties, or at the liberty lounge. Silver ornaments ſeem to gain ground ſince our laſt obſervations. The moſt animated and novel article in this line, is the full roſe and leaf, by way of a brooch; and the large ſpangled butterfly, as an ornament for the hair. The pea-green, celeſtial blue, and bloſſom-coloured patent pearl *en ſuite*, viz. as necklace, earrings, and bracelets, are conſpicuous amidſt the moſt delicate and faſhionable ſelection in trinkets. The onyx, emerald, amethyſt, and ſapphire, ſet in the an-

tient ſtyle, are conſidered very elegant and brilliant ornaments.

There is ſcarcely any change in the article of gloves and ſhoes ſince our laſt communication.

The moſt faſhionable colours are palm-colour, pea green, celeſtial blue, amber, bright violet, and apricot; pink, though rather general, is not conſidered as genteel; full yellow is alſo too common to find a place in a ſelect wardrobe.

San Pietro and Vanina.

SAN PIETRO was by birth a Corſican; his country groaned under the dominion of the Genoeſe, for they were never any other than its tyrants. With their mothers' milk the Corſicans imbibed the moſt mortal hatred againſt their oppreſſors. San Pietro, the ſon of a ſoldier, deſtitute of the advantages of fortune, had likewiſe ſworn in his tendereſt infancy to deliver his country, and had taken up arms againſt the Genoeſe as ſoon as he was able to carry them. His inveteracy and his courage rendered him the terror of his enemies; and the report of his achievements ſpread far and wide. The females of thoſe days were won by deeds of hardihood, and willingly gave their hands to enterprizing conquerors. Vanina Ornano, the rich heireſs and daughter of the viceroy of Corſica, fell in love with San Pietro. 'Brave San Pietro,' ſhe addreſſed him in a letter, 'if your ſenſibility is equal to your courage, you cannot but be flattered by the reward which I offer you. The vulgar can only preſent laurels to a deliverer, but thoſe who have a heart are convinced that laurels are not ſufficient. You know my name and rank; but theſe are deſpiſed by a hero.'—'Go, Joſepho,' ſaid ſhe to her attendant, 'ſeek out the braveſt of the brave; give him this letter. Have I occaſion to name him? It is San Pietro!'

Joſepho, inſtead of obeying that very moment the commands of his miſtreſs ran to the uncle of Vanina, and acquainted him with the whole affair. The uncle was vexed that his niece ſhould harbour a deſign to throw herſelf away in ſuch a manner; he detained the letter and returned it himſelf to Vanina. 'This billet is not for me,' ſaid he, 'and I brought it back to you; I read it and bluſhed. What, Vanina, would you marry a ſoldier?'—'What ſignifies his birth? has he not avenged the republic, and does he not ſurpaſs you all in valour?'—'But reflect how great a diſtance there is between him and you.'—'Truly prodigious, uncle; but all the advantage is on his ſide, who by his genius ſoared beyond the narrow ſphere to which fortune attempted to confine him. San Pietro, is far more illuſtrious than I am; and it is he who confers honour by accepting my hand.'—'And what will people ſay?'—'What will they ſay that Vanina knew how to appreciate a great man.' 'No, never will I give my conſent to this degrading match.'—'Then San Pietro will find means to extort it. Joſepho, I forgive your firſt indiſcretion, but your life ſhall pay for a ſecond. Carry this billet, broken as it is, to San Pietro.'

The warrior received the billet. He knew Vanina; ſhe poſſeſſed beauty, and he was flattered by the offer of her hand. He returned this anſwer:—'Fair lady, I am delighted with your propoſal. In eight days I ſhall be your huſband; in eight days I hope to love you more than at preſent. This night you ſhall behold me at your feet. Your letter was broken open.'

Towards evening he repaired to the palace, the reſidence of Vanina, who awaited his arrival in her moſt magnificent attire. San Pietro appeared in his ordinary dreſs; his bravery was his only ornament, his reputation conſtituted all his ſplendour.

—'I am

—'am not come,' said he, 'to speak the language of the titled lovers who court your favour; San Pietro never learned it. The son of a soldier, and a soldier himself, living almost always upon an element which excludes him from the intercourse with the rest of mankind, his manners have acquired a roughness which ill adapted to the tender accents of love, but I have examined my heart, and there I think I have discovered your image. San Pietro will love you; my character has told you the rest. I know not if I shall ever be jealous; but if so, San Pietro will be a tiger. Now examine yourself, and decide.'

Vanina resembled the tender dove which humbles herself before the sparrow-hawk, and strives by gentleness to soften his ferocity. That fatal sentiment, what is not love capable of effecting! proved the ruin of Vanina. She flattered herself that she should be able to tame his savage disposition; but what power have the charms of beauty over a soul constituted like that of San Pietro?

Vanina's uncle resolved to take public measures to prevent the marriage. San Pietro held all legal interference in profound contempt. With a drawn sabre he entered the apartment of the haughty relative, and threw upon the table a parchment upon which the marriage contract was written. 'Subscribe this, cried he, or you are a dead man.' San Pietro had no other method of terminating his affairs. He became the husband of Vanina; and in the evening of the day on which they were united, he received intelligence that the Genoese gallies had appeared off Corsica. He instantly quitted his bride, hastened on board of his galley, and Vanina saw him administer an oath to the seaman and soldiers, to fight, to conquer or to die. He then sailed alone to meet his numerous enemies. The Genoese were put to flight, and the victor returned to port, where he was received with loud acclamations.

The party of the Genoese continued to gain ground in Corsica, till San Pietro at length found himself obliged to take refuge in France. His reputation had preceded him; the court accepted his services. It had at that time occasion for men with an arm of steel and a soul of blood. Vanina followed her husband. Vanina was handsome; and during the reign of Charles IX. the corruption of morals had increased to such a pitch that it was impossible for a handsome woman to remain unmolested. Vanina was soon surrounded by admirers. San Pietro perceived it. 'I swear,' said he to his wife, 'to punish you on the spot, if ever you forget your duty; and on your part swear to me to name all those who shall shew so little respect for San Pietro as to raise to you their audacious desires.' Vanina swore.

The duke of Guise, the son of an illustrious father, and himself of some celebrity, the friend of Catherine de Medicis, imagined that the wife of San Pietro was likely to swell the number of his easy conquests. He wrote to Vanina. 'Read that letter which has been sent me,' said she to San Pietro.' 'Write to him in answer to come, and that you expect him to-night; I—I will receive him.' —'But consider that this would be the most abominable treachery, and that the house of Guise is very powerful.'—'I will not kill him; I will only give him a momento. This court swarms with young men who divert Margaret de Valois, and even the queen-mother herself, in the morning with the stories of their amarous adventures; Guise shall not relate the adventure of this night. I will give all these coxcombs, such a lesson, as they will not hastily forget, and I will begin with Guise.'

The duke, proud of having received an assignation from the fair Vanina, spent

ſpent the whole day in adorning his perſon for the happy night. Evening came, and he was led with all the ſecreſy he wiſhed to Vanina's chamber; but how were all his fond expectations blaſted in a moment! Inſtead of Vanina he found San Pietro waiting for him. He was ſitting at a table, on which lay two naked ſwords. Guiſe was brave; he was ſurprized, not appalled, by the preſence of her huſband. 'I have read your letter, young man,' ſaid San Pietro, 'here it is; I even dictated the anſwer. You have affronted me; here are two ſwords; one is for me.'—'Then I ſhall take the other,' rejoined the duke, extending his hand to ſeize it.

This action ſurprized San Pietro, and drew from him a ſmile. 'You do not ſeem to be afraid, young man.'—'No.'—'Well, I am no longer angry with you; we will only fight till one of us draws blood.'—'As you pleaſe.'

They actually fought merely for paſtime. The duke was firſt wounded, and wanted to go on. 'You are a child,' ſaid San Pietro; we agreed to fight only till the firſt blood was drawn, and you propoſe to continue. That might be well if we hated each other; but now go and tell the young gentlemen of the court that Vanina leaves to her huſband the care of doing the honours of her houſe.' This adventure ſoon became public, and Vanina had no more attacks to reſiſt.

San Pietro rendered the court important ſervices, but his ruling paſſion, that of doing the Genoeſe all the miſchief in his power, led him to Conſtantinople, to perſuade the grand ſignior to equip a fleet againſt them. The republic well knew what it had to fear from ſo valiant and ſo active an enemy. Vanina's property had been confiſcated; and the republic, not ſatisfied with this, was likewiſe deſirous of having a hoſtage who ſhould be anſwerable for the conduct of San Pietro. Vanina awaited her huſband's return at Marſeilles. The magiſtrates of Genoa receive[d] information, and ſecretly diſpa[tched] emiſſaries to perſuade her to return to her native iſland. She was promiſed a pardon for her huſband, and the reſtitution of her poſſeſſions. The credulous Vanina, thinking ſhe was doing a ſervice to San Pietro, embarked with her jewels and her children for Genoa. A friend of San Pietro hearing of the circumſtance, procured a veſſel, purſued, overtook, and brought her back to France, where he delivered her up to the parliament of Aix, which cauſed her to be kept in a place of ſafety.

Nothing could equal the fury of San Pietro when, on his return from Conſtantinople, he was informed of his wife's deſign; a ſervant who was in the ſecret, and had not oppoſed the execution of the plan, he ſtabbed with his own hand. Upon this he haſtened to Aix, and demanded his wife.

The parliament, apprehenſive of the conſequence of his rage, refuſed to ſurrender her into his hands. Vanina, however, who had a preſentiment of the fatal iſſue of this affair, but whoſe ſoul was above every emotion of fear, inſiſted on being again united to her huſband. Her demand could not be refuſed, and they returned together to Marſeilles.

When San Pietro entered his houſe and found it ſo cheerleſs and empty, his indignation was roufed with redoubled force. He reproached his wife with her fault, and ſwore that nothing but her death could atone for it. Two ſlaves were immediately commanded to execute this cruel ſentence. 'I ſubmit to your decree,' replied the tender Vanina, 'but as a laſt favour I conjure you, let me not die by the hand of theſe wretches, but by that of the braveſt of men, whoſe undaunted intrepidity induced me to forſeit him for my huſband.' San Pietro, by a ſign, directed the ſlaves to withdraw, threw himſelf at the feet of his wife, implored her pardon in the humbleſt

—[illegible]lest terms, conducted her children to her whom she embraced, wept with the unfortunate Vanina over these melancholy pledges of their affection, fastened the fatal cord about her neck, and strangled her.

He immediately set out for the court, whither the report of the horrid deed had preceded him. He received an intimation to keep himself private, but regardless of the warning, he even ventured to appear before the king. He demanded to be heard; he recounted the services he had performed, mentioned the rewards he might require, and exposed his breast covered with the scars of numerous wounds. 'What is it to the king,' said he: 'what is it to France, whether San Pietro is on good or bad terms with his wife?' All present shuddered with horror, but he was pardoned.

This story, which has the air of romance, is strictly true. A son of this San Pietro, named Alphonso de Ornano, was as ferocious as his father; he killed his soldiers with his own hand when they had committed any offence. When one of his cousins had transgressed his commands, and had the boldness to appear in his presence while he was at dinner, he sprung up, dispatched him with his dagger, then called for water to wash his hands, and coolly sat down again to table to finish his repast.

Matrimony.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING an attentive observer of what passes, I am greatly hurt to see so many unmarried persons of both sexes. There must be something radically wrong in this affair: I believe it is from the indolence of the more serious part of the community, in not instructing the young persons, or from the modesty of the spinsters and bachelors, who not being taught conjugal duty, decline to unite in the silken bands of wedlock; and yet a certain diffidence in the youth of both sexes is unhappily, not the characteristic of the present age, nor is the entire decorum of their manners very much admired by their parents. We have societies for every thing, why not one to train up young women, and young men, to fit them for wives and husbands. I have been led into these ideas from looking into the *court kalendar* for 1737, now a curiosity, from its scarcity. I suppose there was some such institution as I have mentioned then, and from the slight acquaintance I have had with the present race of young women, I really think they would do all they could to encourage a revival of it, not from any selfish motive, but merely for the good of the posterity of their own country; for as population is the strength, and consequently the wishes of nations, what could more contribute to the advantage of these countries, than boys and girls? The poor young damsels would, I am persuaded, at the risk of various inconveniences, derived from their original ancestress, undertake the task of being mothers.

I believe too, mr. Editor, I a little squint toward you, because I am credibly informed that you leave population to others, having no concern in the matter, which permit me to say, in this time of waste of human nature, is a very great fault; however, I presume to suppose that it is also from ignorance of the conjugal duties: that you should not plead this any longer, I will from the court kalendar of 1737, give you a suitable extract:—*Conjugal duties, set forth in a collection of ingenious and delightful wedding sermons, viz.* 1. *The Merchant Royal, or woman a ship, by Robert Wilkinson.* 2. *The Bridal Bush, by H. Cornwallis.* 3. *A Wedding Ring fit for the Finger, by William Secker.* 4. *A New Year's Gift, by J. Colby.* 5. *The Character of a Chaste and Virtuous Woman,*

Woman, by M. Moxon. 6. *The Bride-Woman's Councellor, by Sprint.* 7. *A Wife miſtaken, or Leagh inſtead of Rachel, by T. Grantham.* 8. *The Virgin Mary, by T. Maſter.* I cannot ſufficiently commend the worth of the writers of theſe ſermons and even of the publiſhers of them. They muſt all have long ſince gone, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but, our gratitude to them ought to be great. You are a man of induſtry, I hope you may obtain theſe eight ſermons. As your ſincere friend, I requeſt you would, and as it will at once enrich the mind, and the purſe, do let them be printed, but not in the humble manner they were. The preſent generation would not purchaſe them, unleſs upon wire-woven paper, and a coſtly type; have them bound, gilt, and lettered; draw up a few elegant deſigns for the backs of the volumes, for they would bear being printed in two neat pocket-ones. What a rich variety of hearts, darts, Cupids, &c. might there be diſplayed in the gilding. I verily think no maiden gentlewoman, at leaſt, would be without a ſet. Do this quickly, before the trade gets hold of the idea, for I ſhould be hurt if you ſhould loſe the opportunity of acquiring property by ſo laudable an undertaking. All the return I aſk is that I may, when you are converted from celibacy, perform the ceremony of marriage. I am certain your gratitude every way will make you liberal. Wiſhing ſoon to be called upon to attend upon you officially at the altar, I remain, Sir,

your moſt obenient ſervant,

CLERICUS.

The Devil and the Lawyers.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a *lawyer*, and have often been puzzled to diſcover from whence or what, originated the generally received opinion that there is a certain intimacy always carried on between the inhabitants of *Inns of court*, and his *Satanic majeſty*.—When the various *volunteer corps* were formed, each was diſtinguiſhed by ſome appropriate appellation—the Rotunda, Stephen's-Green, Barrack, &c. Shortly after ſprang up the Lawyer's corps, when the modeſt title they had aſſumed, not pleaſing the public, they immediately received from them an addition by which *they are univerſally known*—viz. '*The devil's own regiment*'—How is all this, mr. Editor? perhaps I can inform you—read the following anecdote, and 'gather and furmiſe,'

THE LAWYER'S PATRON.

Saint *Evona*, a *lawyer* of Britain, went to Rome, to entreat the pope to give the *lawyers a patron*; the pope replied, that he knew of no ſaint not diſpoſed of to ſome other profeſſion.—His holineſs propoſed, however, to ſaint *Evona*, that he ſhould go round the church of *San Giovanni di Laterano* blindfold, and after ſaying a certain number of Ave Marias, the firſt ſaint he laid hold of ſhould be his patron. This the good old *lawyer* undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, ſtopped at the altar of ſaint *Michael*, where he laid hold, not of the ſaint—but unfortunately of the *Devil*, under the ſaint's feet, crying out—*This is our ſaint, let him be our patron.*

INQUISITOR.

An Idyl—The Doves.

THE morn began to open; the ſun was riſing in the Eaſtern world. Damon roſe from his ſlumbers, and opened the caſement; two doves were ſeated beneath the woodbine, that rambled over his cottage. 'Pretty innocents!' he exclaimed, 'emblems of the pureſt thoughts; fly not from me; or ſtay a little while, and I will feed ye with delicious corn.'

He

He left the caſement open, and while he retired, the doves entered, and hid themſelves in a baſket, which had been given to him by Phillis.

Damon returned with his hands full of corn, but he miſſed the doves. 'And are ye flown?' he cried, and he then heard them cooing. He imagined they were neſtled beneath the leaves of the woodbine, and he ſought them there. Fruitleſs was the ſearch, and he chided them for having flown ſo haſtily from his dwelling.

He wanted ſome ripe apples to preſent to Phillis, and he reached the baſket, which ſhe had given to him. The doves fluttered, and flew upon the floor. 'Ah!' he cried, 'now I know ye' Ye belong to Phillis—I will run with ye to her cottage.'

Damon culled the choiceſt flowers, and ſtrewed them over the little wanderers. His fond heart bounded in his breaſt as he tripped along, and he found Phillis repining for her doves. 'How happy ſhould I be,' ſhe exclaimed, 'could I have my doves!' 'If you will ſuffer me,' ſaid Damon, 'to ſip the May-dew from your ſweet lips, I will endeavour to find them. See! I have brought ſome of the moſt charming flowers that ſpring has blown.' Phillis did not regard the tender offering, but the roguiſh doves fluttered in their bed. Delighted Phillis then denied not Damon the tender kiſs, and while he preſſed her to his palpitating breaſt, ſhe rapturouſly exclaimed, '*How happy am I now!*'

LEOPOLD.

GOT.

'There, ſir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? an aſperſion upon my parts of ſpeech! was ever ſuch a brute! ſure if I *reprehend* any thing in the world, it is the uſe of my *oracular* tongue, and a nice *derangement of epitaphs!*'

RIVALS.

MR. EDITOR,

WE laugh heartily at the abſurdities of *mrs. Malaprop* and *Daniel Dowlas*, alias *Lord Duberly*; but the vulgar, and the wealthy illiterate, are not the only perſons whoſe '*cacology might be mended.*' Amongſt thoſe whom education ſhould have taught a more elegant mode of expreſſion, how frequently have we heard—'I have *got* a bad head-ache. I have *got* the firſt edition of ſuch a book.—I have *got* an excellent treatiſe on grammar. I *got* the beſt place to ſee the new play.'—Indeed the inſtances are innumerable where the word *got* is miſapplied, or unneceſſarily introduced. In *converſation*, this impropriety is not *ſo palpable*—the following letter expoſes the fault in glaring colours.

'I *got* on horſeback within ten minutes after I received your letter.—When I *got* to Drogheda, I *got* a chaiſe for town; but I *got* wet through before I *got* to Drogheda, and I have *got* ſuch a cold, as I ſhall not be able to *get* rid of in a hurry.—I *got* to the treaſury about noon, but firſt of all I *got* ſhaved and dreſſed.—I ſoon *got* into the ſecret of *getting* a memorial before the board; but I could not *get* an anſwer then; however I *got* intelligence from the meſſenger, that I ſhould moſt likely *get* one the next morning. As ſoon as I *got* back to my inn, I *got* my ſupper, and *got* to bed; it was not long before I *got* to ſleep.—When I *got* up in the morning, I *got* my breakfaſt, and then *got* myſelf dreſſed, that I might *get* out in time to *get* an anſwer to my memorial.—As ſoon as I *got* it, I *got* into the chaiſe, and *got* back to Drogheda by three: and about tea time I *got* home. I have *got* nothing particular to add, and ſo adieu.'

For the information of your *juvenile* readers, is ſubjoined a letter, in which the ſame information is conveyed, without *once* uſing that little

obtruſive

obtruſive word *got*. 'I *mounted* my horſe within ten minutes after *receiving* you letter; as ſoon as I *arrived* at Drogheda, I *engaged* a poſt-chaiſe for town.—I *was* wet through before I *reached* Drogheda, and I have *taken* ſuch a cold as I ſhall not eaſily *remove*.—I *arrived* at the treaſury about noon, being *previouſly ſhaved and dreſſed*. I ſoon *diſcovered* the ſecret of *introducing* a memorial to the board; I could not, however, *obtain* an immediate anſwer; but the meſſenger told me, I ſhould probably *receive* one next morning.—I *returned* to my inn, *ſupt*, *went to bed*, and *ſlept well*. I *roſe* early, and *dreſſed* immediately *after breakfaſt*, that I might *be* in time for my memorial. As ſoon as I *received* it, I *took* poſt-chaiſe, and *reached* Drogheda by three, and my home about tea time; I *have* nothing particular to add—and ſo adieu.'*

The art of Chopping Wood illuſtrated by the Art of Chopping Logic. An Anecdote.

A CARPENTER, who underſtood his trade, and was in tolerable circumſtances, had given his ſon (who was not exactly a *chip* of the *old block*) a good education, that is, had made him paſs through a courſe of liberal ſtudies and philoſophy—we know no other method.—The father dying juſt as he had gone through his public diſputations, and leaving ſome undertakings unfiniſhed, the young man took a liking to

NOTE.

* This purification would, however, be rather deſtructive to Churchills rhyme.

'What is the world? a term which men have *got*
To ſignify, not one in ten knows what.'

I ſhall add his definition of the term *world*:

'In common uſe, no more it means we find
Than *many fools* in ſame opinions join'd!'

work, and followed his father's profeſſion. But he bethought himſelf of recalling his art to certain principles, and ſubjecting it to methodical order. He treated the whole in his head as he had ſeen his maſters treat the art of reaſoning. At length he got together a number of journeymen of the trade, and promiſed to lead them by a new way to the quinteſſence of *carpentry*.

Our new doctor, after a long preamble on mechanics, which he promiſed to treat on by genus and ſpecies, came to the firſt queſtion, and very ſeriouſly examined whether there was a principle of force in man. He long diſcuſſed the reaſons pro and con, and at laſt enabled his diſciples knowingly, and without apprehenſion of miſtake, to affirm, that man was capable of a certain degree of ſtrength, and able to communicate motion, for inſtance, to an axe, or to a ſtone, if not too great. He was contented with this modeſt aſſertion, being perſuaded, that, with this ſmall ſtrength multiplied, he might, towards the end of his treatiſe, come to tranſporting the largeſt pieces of rough marble, and to hearing of mountains.—He next proceeded to examine the place where this force reſided, and after many diſputations on the brains, the glandula pinealis, the ſpirits, and the muſcles, he out of economy, and for brevity's ſake, determined, that the arm was the chief agent, and the inſtrument of human ſtrength.

In a third paragraph, (for it is wonderful how well he divided and put his matter in order) the ſtrength reſiding in the arm, gave him an occaſion to examine all the conſtituent pieces of the arm, and to make an exact anatomy of it. He accurately deſcribed the uſes of the *brachii*, and the *pectoralis major*, *latiſſimus dorſi*, and proved that the greater *ſigmoid* cavity was ſituated between the *anconoid* proceſs and the

olecra-

olecranon. He made long diſſertations on the nerves, muſcles, fibres, and deſcended to the minuteſt filaments. He multiplied the length of the muſcles by their breadths, and the product of theſe by the ſum of the fibres.

From one calculation to another, he came to determine the ſtrength of each degree of tenſion, and by means of theſe determinations, made himſelf able to fix the ſtrength of percuſſion. Thus he weighed a cuff, and joining the ſtrength of the fiſt to the ſum of the blow of the hammer, he ſhewed you the exact weight, with which this percuſſion was in equal proportion. Finally, to ſum up his matters, and for the *conveniency of the young carpenters*, he reduced the whole into algebraic expreſſions, and the buſineſs of the ſhop then went on (as might be expected) in a very *philoſophical* manner. So

——'all the rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to *name his tools.*'
HUDIBRAS.

The Gameſters.

AT a public ſchool of the higheſt character and conſequence in the kingdom, three youths, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the names of Lorenzo, Lycus, and Amintor, firſt laid the foundation of their future intimacy. Their ages and attainments were nearly equal, and as the ſame purſuits would naturally unite them in the ſchool, a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions continued and increaſed that union in their hours of relaxation. Their proſpects in the world, indeed, were by no means ſimilar, but their friendſhip commenced at that happy period when Lorenzo's future title and hereditary wealth were matters of the ſame indifference to himſelf and his companions; their luſtre never dazzled him with a fancied ſuperiority above the competent expectations of Lycus, or the ſtill more humble proſpects of Amintor. Lycus, on the other hand, could diſcern no difference between Lorenzo and Amintor; and when the latter gave his ſchoolfellows a preference to himſelf, it was not that he thought them richer, but he loved them better than himſelf; it was not a ſervile adulation of their higher birth, but an amiable ſpecies of ſelf-gratification; it was not the tribute of an inferior, but the gift of an equal. Thus promiſing, thus happy was the morning of ther lives! But I muſt not dwell, as I could wiſh to do, on the proſpect now before us; ſuffice it to obſerve in general, that nature had endowed them, reſpectively, with very ample qualifications to juſtify the fond indulgence of parental hope; and ſurely if the generous, however thoughtleſs, ſchoolboy could once be made ſenſible of the honeſt exultation, the tender tranſport of a parent's heart, on ſeeing him advancing duly in the path of knowledge, of honour, and integrity, no evil inclinations, no power of perſuaſion, no force of ill example, could invite him to the barbarous and complicated ſacrifice of filial duty and parental happineſs! in the preſent inſtances, however, reflections of this nature had no influence, and probably no exiſtence, when the poiſon which embittered all their future lives was fatally imbibed. Lorenzo and Amintor had unhappily diſcovered and encouraged in each other a ſimilar propenſity of the moſt alarming nature; it inſenſibly betrayed itſelf, at firſt, in trivial and unguarded inſtances: the uſual diverſions of their ſchool fellows no longer had a charm for them, and were either diſregarded entirely, or purſued for other purpoſes than that of healthy recreation; ſome ſtake muſt be propoſed, ſome wager muſt depend upon their iſſue, to render them worth notice. The amuſements which they once were fond of now ceaſed to be

amuſements, unleſs they were converted into ſome ſpecies of gaming. The hours which had hitherto been paſſed in innocent and wholeſome exercife, or uſefully employed in the private advancement of their ſtudies, were now ſecretly devoted to the pernicious purpoſes of cards and dice. Lycus, amongſt others, had been eaſily perſuaded to follow the example of his giddy friends, and what he had at firſt engaged in from a ſocial principle alone, was afterwards continued from a leſs commendable motive; till at length the failing of miſplaced good nature was drawn into a habit of deliberate vice. Thus dangerous, and inſenſibly deſtructive, are the firſt, the ſlighteſt deviations from the line of innocence and moral duty! And however fondly we may hope in youth to palliate an improper ſtep, by pleading the importunate ſolicitation of friends, on the powerful influence of example, we always ſhould be ſure to manifeſt more real friendſhip to ourſelves and others by ſtedfaſtly withſtanding thoſe importunities, and daring to be virtuous in ſpite of thoſe examples.

The limited reſources of Amintor's pocket were preſently exhauſted.—His father was a tradeſman, whoſe fortune was but little able to ſupport even the common expences of a public education; but his affection for an only ſon prevailed over all other conſiderations, and he cheerfully ſubmitted to a temporary retrenchment in his own expences, from a generous anxiety to forward to the utmoſt the welfare of his darling child. Little did he think, poor man! how cruelly his much-loved object would ſoon requite his tenderneſs, and terminate his fondeſt hopes in ſorrow and diſgrace! It was eaſy to foreſee, indeed, the inevitable conſequence of Amintor's imprudence; diſtreſs rapidly advancing, beſieged, aſſaulted, and overthrew his principles; undermined, inſenſibly his early virtues; and drove him thoſe dreadful methods of ſupplying his extravagance, which point with equal certainty to guilt and ruin.—He was ſoon detected in an act of diſhoneſty, and publicly expelled the ſchool. His afflicted father, after ſome few ſtruggles, fell a victim to the blow; and ſunk beneath a load of miſery too great for him to bear. It is painful to be more particular on ſuch a ſubject; nor am I willing to relate minutely the melancholy ſequel of Amintor's ſtory, or follow his ill-fated companions through the complicated ſcenes of iniquity and wretchedneſs in which, as they grew up, they gradually became involved. The regular increaſe of all vicious inclinations, the rapid growth of indulged paſſions, and the abſolute dominion to which they aſpire, are ſubjects of our daily obſervation; I have choſen therefore to confine this narrative to the following original and authentic letters, which give us the main outline of their future lives; and furniſh, in my opinion, a juſter comment on the nature and effects of gaming than any more minute detail which might otherwiſe give. They were written (as will be ſeen) by their reſpective authors, at a time when they had dearly purchaſed the knowledge and conviction of this certain truth, 'That a gameſter, both in life and death, is of all men the moſt unhappy miſerable.'

Without further preface I ſubjoin a letter from Amintor; the date of which ſufficiently prepares us for the ſituation to which they were reduced.

(To be continued.)

Modern Retirement.

THE enlivening beams of a ſummer ſun have now put all nature animate and inanimate, in motion; faſhion is again upon the wing, and the gay metropolis is deſerted.

gry and the grave, the young and the old, the busy and the idle, people of fashion, and people of no fashion, are flying off in all directions, like the bright sparks from a knife-grinder's wheel, brilliant, indeed, on their first eccentric departure, but soon extinguished by the reservoir, or *watering-place!* where all that is left of them, is to return to their narrow lanes and forsaken counters, with their purses *empty*, and their heads full of nonsense and frivolity. From the enthusiastic fervour with which so many thousands push down *to the water*, a stranger would suppose them to be Mahometans who had *lost their mat*, and were therefore obliged to perform their *ablutions* before they could be re admitted among the faithful; were he to see them, indeed, when arrived at these *marine hospitals*, he could only suppose that *shining madness* had become as prevalent as *vaccination*, with this difference only, that although many might rush to the sea to seek a cure for the former, yet the incipient prognostics of the latter, such as budding horns, &c. might be dated by the sober cit, from the time when his deary first emigrated to those whirlpools of fashion. 'Really, my dear,' says the lady dame, 'it is time to take a little pleasure now, I am sure we have had none since we were married.'—Silence on the part of Benedict, is construed into consent; away run madam and miss to their band-boxes, whilst the *happy* husband trots to his banker's, well knowing that it is impossible for the flying squadrons to take the field, without the necessary subsidies. Fashion and Fancy are now pressed into the service, to decorate the groupe, whilst economy and confusion, like the buckets in a well, are alternately predominant. At length the bustling morning arrives, madam and miss, and master Jacky, and the doll, and the lap-dog, and the good man, are all embarked on board the hoy, which, like Noah's ark, is crammed with Jew and Christian, the clean and the unclean, two and two. In awful majesty, madam takes her seat, whilst the *maiden sister*, who is left in charge of the house, reiterates her fond adieus, 'Good bye, and God bless you; and have you got the ham, and the cheese, and the chicken, and the tongue, and the *cordial*, and the—' Aye! there they are all safe on board; a prosperous voyage to you all, and God send you a safe deliverance!—A stiff breeze and a strong ebb soon waft them along. 'They who go to sea in *ships* will see the wonders of the deep,' but they who go to *sea in hoys*, may see ten thousand wonders which king David, or even king Solomon in all his wisdom and glory, could never have dreamt of; but the happy moment arrives and the hoy hails round the pier end, where crowds are assembled to look at the new comers. If it was like Noah's ark on the passage, we may now compare it to the tower of Babel; the flapping of the sails, the bluftering of the sailors, the rattling of trunks, and the clattering of tongues, form a motley scene of confusion.—'Hand up my dressing case—pray take care of my new bonnet—give me *the bottle*—have you got the basket, and the box, and the bag, and the umbrella.—Pray take care of the lady—mind how you tread the plank, madam.—There! you are safely landed—how do you do, and how is Jack, and Dick, and Tom, and Bill, and miss Sally, and miss Dinah, and miss Molly, and miss——,' 'Lord be praised, all purely, all the better of the *water!*'—*Ainsi va le Monde!*—and such are the delights which the citizen finds in his retreat from the din of the city to *country retirement!*

There seems an universal attachment in all men, for the charms of country retirement; indeed, we believe it will be allowed that the plea-

ſures ariſing from rural ſcenery, and from ruſtic occupations, are the moſt natural to the human mind. From early aſſociation the very word *country* conveys the ideas of health, innocence, peace, and contentment, and ſo ſtrong is the impreſſion even on thoſe, who from the confinement of a town life have never yet experienced them, that it is impoſſible to deſtroy the connection. Like many other proſpects, however, they charm moſt at a diſtance, and thoſe who have languiſhed moſt for them, are often the firſt to be ſeized with *ennui* and diſguſt, particularly debarred of the enjoyment of them, till that period of life when the habits become fixed, and the mind has acquired a certain bias. The word *retirement*, however, has now completely loſt its original ſignification; the time was, (when the ſeaſons kept their regular places in the almanack, and winter was over, *rather before* the birth-day) that in the early part of the ſummer, the peer, the knight of the ſhire, and the country gentleman of moderate fortune, left the metropolis to return to their eſtates, to promote their political intereſt amongſt their friends in the country, to ſuperintend the improvements of their lands, and the comforts of their tenantry, to encourage induſtry, to promote conviviality, and to enliven the ancient halls, and gloomy towers of their forefathers; but now when the country gentleman leaves town, it is for the race-courſe; or if he turns a thought upon agriculture, it evaporates at a ſheep-ſhearing or at a ploughing match on any body's eſtate but his own. In theſe ſcenes of modern improvement, we ſee the deſcendant of the ancient haughty baron, mixing with graziers, gamblers, jews and jockies; we ſee the lord of vaſt domains, the proprietor of caſtles which ſtand nearly upon as much ground as the paltry fiſhing village he inhabits, cooped up in apartments, which at home he would hardly think large enough for his pointers, and for what? why to be ſtared at by thoſe, who inhabiting one end of the town, have a wonderful deference for thoſe who lived at the other; happy if they can joſtle a counteſs, or trip down a crowded ball-room in a mob of peers and baronets. The country itſelf too is altered, notwithſtanding all the rural delights ſung by our paſtoral poets, we no longer meet with native ſimplicity as formerly, though the mere cit expects to find it as ſoon as he eſcapes from the ſmoke of the city; were we to truſt to the poets indeed, we ſhould expect to find vice and folly diminiſh as the numbers increaſe on the mile ſtones, and be able to diſcover ruſtic innocence behind every hedge and hay-cock. But it is not here that we are now to look for the intereſting ſhepherd, or the downcaſt Phillis; the city is gone into the country, and the country has come up ſo often to the city that the only difference is the awkwardneſs with which city cloaths and city vices, fit upon the unpoliſhed bumpkin. Notwithſtanding all this is known, yet ſuch is the force of habit, that we cannot readily lay aſide antiquated notions of ruſtic manners, but imagine that we muſt ſtill meet with the ſimplicity of the paſtoral arcadia. Whether the manners of the country were leſs vicious when they were in greater ſimplicity is a queſtion, perhaps, difficult to decide, but they certainly were leſs barefaced; and it is moſt certain to the frequent and ſpeedy intercourſe between the country and town, that this rapid change is to be traced.—Every ſummer touriſt who ſtarts off for the land's end, or the lakes, nay any *commercial* traveller with whom the country is ſwarming, leaves ſome ſmall portion of *city manners* in each retired village, whilſt every ruſtic who can ſpare time from the plough for a trip of two hundred miles on the top

of a coach, returns to the country a *polished beau*, not to mention the *wonderful* improvements issuing from the school of manners the militia. About a century ago, when our roads was almost impassable, and when the family coach was fitted out as if for a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; this rapid intercourse was unknown; and now, from the improvement of our turnpike roads, a communication is opened like enchantments, and the rustic *beaux* and *belles* are conveyed, as if by a wish, to the emporium of folly and fashion. The result of this easy communication is certainly productive of much good along with its unavoidable evils, but it has produced such a sameness, as to have done away with much of what was formerly called *character*, but would now be reckoned *caricature*. The provincial cities, and even the market towns, seem all formed into metropolitan miniatures, with all its luxuries, its amusements, and its splendour, the varieties of fashion are rapidly imitated, the rout, the ball, and all the *et ceteras* of high life are adopted in the village, as in the fashionable watering place. Here, therefore, there is no retirement, nay 'tis even banished from the Sunday villa, the peaceful retreat, after a bustling week; the gravel walk bordered with trim rows of box, the serpentine canal like a city gutter, after a shower, the well-clipped yew tree, and the painted mercury, are all alike exposed to the gazing passenger, whilst the owner of the mansion sits at his parlour window counting the stage coaches, or plants himself on his rustic bench, to inhale the balmy dust dashed up by a thousand whiskeys, gigs, and bankrupt carts. Here, therefore, there is no retirement, but *this* is the country.

Watering Places. A fashionable Dialogue.

'MY master, sir, is at a watering place, and won't be home these three weeks,' says the pert footman of my attorney, the other day, when I called at his house on business that required the speediest attention.

'A Watering place!' exclaimed I; 'and pray what has he done with my affairs?

''Pon my word, sir, can't say.'

'What in the name of common sense has he to do with watering-places, when business of the utmost moment to his clients requires his presence in town? Is he unwell?'

'Oh no, sir? master's very well; he's only gone to take a little *recretion* at this time of the year.—Every body wants a little *sea air* this hot month.'

'*Recretion* and *sea air!* 'Sblood! Where are my papers? Where's his clerk?'

'His clerk, sir! Oh, mr. Thomas you mean, sir—Why, sir, he's gone on a shooting party, I expect him in town in a week or two.

This account of the solicitor and his clerk, in whose hands I had deposited papers of the most serious consequences to the peace and interests of my family, made me desperate. I pushed away into the office, and, to my utter astonishment, found the desk loaded with papers tumbled together. Letters lying exposed to every eye, and, amongst others, several of my own, containing my sentiments as to the manner in which my suit in chancery was to be conducted; and looking further, I actually found the deeds upon which my rights were founded lying loose on the common heap.

I made very little ceremony in this business; but bundling the whole together, I wrote him a short note, which, following the practice of the house, I left open on the table, intimating, 'that I never would again employ that man as an attorney who went to take a little *recretion at Bray*, and *whose clerk went a shooting*.'

Having

Having thus ſecured my papers, I went to the houſe of a nephew of mine, to whom I had given a credit of five hundred pounds juſt to enable him to begin the world as a ſurgeon, and who has not as yet been a twelve-month in a houſe of his own—but what was my aſtoniſhment when I found out from his apprentice, a ſmart youth, the ſon of a neighbour, with whom he got a fee of three hundred pounds through my recommendation, that he was alſo gone to a watering-place—forſooth!

'Good G—d!' ſays I, 'is the poor lad ill?—Has he got any diſtemper in the diſſecting-room of the hoſpital? For heaven's ſake do—tell me honeſtly what is the matter with him?'

'O, dear ſir, don't be alarmed!' ſays the boy; 'mr. B—— is perfectly well; he's only gone for a fortnight's trip, to recruit the fatigues of the winter.'

'The fatigues of the winter, quotha! and pray who is to attend his patients all this while!'

'O, ſir, this is not the *ſickly* time of the year: beſides, if they ſhould want any little aſſiſtance, I dare ſay mr. Bliſter, the apothecary at the end of the ſtreet, would aſſiſt me in the buſineſs.'

'Very well!' quoth I: 'ſo much for my attorney and my nephew Bob; the one I have got entirely rid of, and the other I ſhall as aſſuredly get rid of, if he does not mend his manners moſt ſpeedily.—What the d—l have people to do with *watering-places* who can hardly maintain themſelves in any *one place* whatever—whoſe whole fortune is their *induſtry*, and whoſe future exiſtence depends on the ſavings of their youth?'

I remember, ſome years ago, a trader, who, becoming a bankrupt, owed me 300l. He had not been in buſineſs above four years, got about 500l. with his wife, and perhaps might have as much more himſelf. He had then two children; and in the items of his yearly expenditure before the commiſſioners (which he *unbluſhingly* called *neceſſary expences*), there appeared annually ſo much for *two lottery tickets—the repairs of a gig*—and a *trip for himſelf and family to the Giants' Cauſeway*.

If the condition of thoſe *aquatic maniacs* is not entirely hopeleſs, the publication of this letter may do good; and in that hope I remain,

Your humble ſervant,
ABRAHAM STEDFAST.

Culinary Reſearches.

WILD Animals are more digeſtible than domeſtic animals, as they are more readily and completely diſſolved in the gaſtric juices.—*Veniſon*, therefore, is the lighteſt and moſt nutritious of all kinds of animal food.—Pheaſants and Patridges are, for the ſame ſeaſon, preferable to the domeſtic fowl.

The Green Turtle, or *Teſtudo Mydas*, eaten moderately, proves nutritious; but abounding with fat, it is not very eaſy of digeſtion. The ſpice added to the ſoup is extremely ſtimulant, but the ſimple decoction of broth is demulcent and reſtorative.

Frogs.—The edible, or green-water frog, is much eaten in France, Italy, and ſome parts of Germany; *i. e.* the white fleſh upon the thighs. It taſtes ſomewhat like the fleſh of a chicken, but affords very little nutriment; frog's broth is preſcribed by French and Italian phyſicians in conſumptive caſes, but ſeems to have no advantage over chicken broth.

Vegetables.—There is ſcarcely any claſs of animal or vegetable life, not tributary to the ſupport of man; but the majority of the human race derive their ſubſiſtence from vegetables. This is particularly the caſe in the Eaſt.

Animal Diet is conſiderably more nouriſhing

nouriſhing than a vegetable diet, becauſe it is more readily and completely converted into chyle; *i. e.* the nutritious fluid extracted by the proceſs of digeſtion: which is the ſame, whatever the diſtance in the ſubſtances, animal or vegetable.—Vegetables being leſs convertible, only form a ſmaller quantity of ſimilar chyle. Animal food yielding a greater proportion, is more ſtimulant and heating; on which account, although it imparts more immediate vigour, it is certain that it exhauſts the conſtitution ſo much the ſooner. The Brahmins, therefore, who live entirely on vegetable ſubſtances, attain the greateſt age.—Upon the whole, a mixed diet, partly animal and partly vegetable, is that which is beſt adapted to thoſe who live in a temperate climate. From the properties of an animal diet juſt mentioned, it will be eaſily ſeen in what caſes it is uſeful, and in what hurtful. It is uſeful in various caſes of aſthma and dyſpepſia; in cachetic, chlorotic, and diabetic caſes, in rickets and ſcrophula; in warm caſes, and in certain chronic diſeaſes of the ſkin, in which, from a miſtaken aſſociation of theſe diſeaſes with ſcurvy, animal food is too frequently interdicted. It is hurtful in all caſes of active inflammation; in all diſorders of the head and lungs, connected with a fulneſs of the veſſels of thoſe parts; and in bilious and calculous caſes. And, generally, thoſe who lead a ſtudious and ſedentary life, ſhould be cautious in indulging too freely in the uſe of animal food.

Young Animals.—Their fleſh containing a greater proportion of gelatine, and a leſs of fibrin, is generally not ſo digeſtible as when come to the adult ſtate.

Veal.—With this meat it is ſo in particular: its tendency to acidity alſo diſagrees with many weak ſtomachs.

White Meats, are leſs ſtimulant, as well as leſs nutritious, than brown meats.

Fat, when not rendered empyreumatic by over-roaſting, is wholeſome, and exceedingly nouriſhing.

Fleſh Meat kept, is more readily diſſolved in the ſtomach, and more ſtimulant, than when eaten immediately after the animal is killed.

Tainted meat, when kept till it acquires a ſtrong ſmell, not only loſes much of its nutrimental powers, but ceaſes to be wholeſome to man.

Salted meat is much leſs digeſtible and nutritious than freſh.—*Roaſt. meat* is more eaſily digeſted, and more nouriſhing, than the boiled, which loſes of its nutritive parts by diſſolution in the water.—Over roaſting or boiling renders the meat leſs digeſtible and nutritious.

Stewing.—In this proceſs, none of the nutritious juices are loſt; and it is well adapted to ſupply the place of maſtication, and to facilitate digeſtion in perſons who have loſt their teeth, and are far advanced in years.

Soups, when not rendered too ſtimulant by the addition of ſpices, are only ſurpaſſed in nutritive power by the gravity of boiled and roaſted meats.

For healthy and active conſtitutions, the ſimpleſt mode of cookery is beſt.

Origin of the term, a Man of Straw.

SEGRAIS, who wrote in the ſeventeenth century, relates a whimſical anecdote of an Avocat, who, poor and proud, was anxious to preſerve appearances equal to his neighbours. For this purpoſe, monſ. L'Avocat procured a carriage and a couple of horſes fitter for the hounds than the road, yet found himſelf ſtill at a loſs for a footman: to make up the deficiency, he had an effigy of ſtraw dreſſed in livery, and ſtuck up behind his equipage; a few days after, in a proceſſion, the horſes of the carriage following

following him, attracted by the ſmell of their food, eat one of the legs of the footman, when a wag paſſing by, exclaimed, 'take care coachman, it will be your turn next.

Strange Fatality attending Charles the Firſt.

IT is ſurpriſing how little Charles ſuſpected that the parliament could have deſigns upon his life; he diſregarded the warnings which he often received from his friends, with a kind of philoſophy, which ſeemed to border on ſtoicism. Longuerue, a French author mentions a circumſtance which he heard from a friend of his reſident in England in the time of the civil wars. This gentleman mixed in the higher circles, and was on terms of intimacy with a lady eaſy of acceſs, the wife of one of Charles's bittereſt enemies. In a moment of dalliance, he learned from her the intention of the republican party to bring the monarch to the ſcaffold, and immediately went to the French ambaſſador, to inform him of it.—The ambaſſador gained admittance to the king, who was amuſing himſelf with ſuch entertainments as were permitted him. Charles obſerved, that he had juſt ſeen performed a very pleaſing comedy; but the ambaſſador with much gravity anſwered, that the buſineſs *he* came on was very *tragical*, and then related the intentions of the chiefs of the party. The philoſophical monarch, when urged to eſcape, anſwered very coolly—'He who lies on the ground is not in danger of falling.' 'True,' replied the Frenchman, 'but whilſt he is lying on the ground they may cut off his head!'

Book Collectors.

THIS paſſion of *book collecting* ariſes as often from folly and vanity, as from a real deſire to poſſeſs a work of *unique value*. One purchaſes a *book* becauſe it is the *firſt* edition; another becauſe it is the *laſt*; another learned collector purchaſes a work, not becauſe he cares for the *author*, but becauſe ſome learned man's name or *autograph*, according to the modern faſhionable literary nomanclature, is written on the title-page. This rage for collecting is not confined to Europe alone, but Aſia and Africa has been ranſacked for manuſcripts, whoſe ſole value was, that nobody could underſtand them. It was, however, perhaps more prevalent in the ſeventeenth century than in the preſent: at that time ſome ingenious *gleaners* in the literary *harveſt-home*, brought to Paris a number of very *valuable* Arabian manuſcripts, well preſerved and *labelled*, with names of high import and ſounding fame. The *collectors* ruſhed to the ſcene of action, eager to purchaſe and out-bid each other, and the ſellers well knew how to ſeek advantage of this *empreſſment literaire*; high prices were aſked and given, and happy was he who could add to his library a book which he could not underſtand. The Surbonne, the academy royal, and all the *Seavans*, were in raptures with their acquiſitions; when at length their exceſſive joy permitted them to truſt theſe *morceaux precieux* to the inſpection of thoſe who really underſtood the Arabic language, it appeared that the manuſcripts certainly contained *accounts of great value*, for they were the *ledgers* of Perſian and Arabian merchants in Baſſora and Bagdat!

Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam.

THE claſſical ſtory of the cobler of Athens ſtands not alone, but has a counterpart at Rome, in the cardinal d'Offoni, who engaged the moſt famous ſtatuary of the time, to form a ſtatue which ſhould be a *chef d'ou-*

ere of the art. When finiſhed, the cardinal proceeded to the workſhop of the artiſt, when he had taſte enough to perceive that the ſtatue was in reality a *morcean* of taſte and elegance: yet ſuppoſing that unqualified praiſe was beneath a *critic*, he pretended to examine the figure with the moſt ſcrupulous and penetrating eye. Anxious to diſplay his ſkill, yet fearful to commit a blunder, the *accurate* cardinal heſitated in his cenſure, until he came to the noſe, which he found rather *aquiline*, and which *ought to have been* more Grecian. Stating this important criticiſm to the artiſt, the latter, to gratify him, offered to remedy it; then taking up ſome marble duſt in his hand, he pretended to apply his chiſel to the part, and whilſt *going through the motions*, let the duſt at intervals fall through his hand. In a few minutes, preſenting it again to the critical prieſt, the latter exclaimed with ſelf-approving rapture,—'Now, indeed, Angelo, you have made it perfect, it is now a model of inimitable grace!'

Literary Flattery.

THE greateſt men are ſuſceptible of flattery, and it is not only a weakneſs in itſelf, but it is alſo in general moſt ſucceſsful when applied to their *weakeſt ſide*. Cardinal Mazarine, in the midſt of his political greatneſs, was not unambitious of literary fame; for this purpoſe, he patroniſed the poets and *ſcauvans* of the day, who attached themſelves to the prime miniſter with equal eagerneſs, though in return they received little but his *public civilities*, and the honour of being the *friends of Mazarine*. The witty Benſerade was amongſt the number, and felt anxious to receive ſome more ſolid marks of the miniſterial patronage; during his daily attendance at court, he became much admired for his luſcious love verſes, and the elegant flattery of his panegyrics, which became ſo much praiſed, that the cardinal, one evening in converſation with Louis, obſerved that *he himſelf* paid much attention to the elegancies of literature in his juvenile days; that he had compoſed many admired ſonnets; and that, in ſhort, he had been at the papal court exactly what Benſerade now was at Verſailles. Benſerade was informed of this *poetical gaſconade* by ſome of his friends, and, though late at night, immediately proceeded to the cardinal's chamber, who had juſt retired to reſt. The attendants refuſed him admittance; however, he perſiſted, and made ſuch a *bruit*, that the cardinal himſelf ordered him to enter. He immediately ruſhed to the bed where his eminence lay, and fell on his knees in apparent tranſport, entreating his pardon for his untimely diſturbance, but declared that his rapture was ſo great at hearing what his patron had ſaid, and his pride and gratitude were ſo exceſſive, at being ſuppoſed to have the ſlighteſt reſemblance to his eminence in poetic talents, that if he had not been permitted to enter, he muſt have expired. He concluded his rapturous adoration by *hinting*, that to be ſure he was not rich, but would now die contented. The *poetic* cardinal, delighted with his ardour, and humbugged by his flattery, moſt graciouſly aſſured him of his protection, and a few days afterwards preſented him with a conſiderable penſion.

Puzzling Queſtion.

THE well-known law-caſe of *Bullam verſus Boatum*, is equalled by a queſtion which engaged the logical acuteneſs of the ſophiſts in the ſixteenth century. It was thus put:—'When a hog is led to the market, by a rope tied round its neck, which is held at the other end by a man; *quere*, whether is it the man or the rope that carries the hog to market?'

N. B. A *logical ſolution* of this from ſome of our learned correſpondents would not be unacceptable. *Ed.*

Advice to Sportſmen.

AN ancient philoſopher recommended that advice ſhould be always *well-timed*; it is, therefore, fit, and appropriate, that I ſhould addreſs myſelf, gentlemen, to you *on the firſt of September*; yoicks! hark forward!—the game is in view, and a ſcentlying morning, *but ſo plentiful!* that it requires a ſtaunch hound to follow through all the doublings and croſſings.—Hark, Rover!—to him, Sweetlips!—to drop the metaphor, there are ſo many *ſportſmen*, and ſo *many* kinds, that we can only offer general advice, with here and there a few hints in detail.

To thoſe who have thought of nothing but hunting, ſhooting, and fiſhing, all their lives, it might appear impertinent to give advice, but as I ſhould be ſorry to have mine thrown away, I ſhall only offer it to thoſe to whom it *may* be uſeful. I ſhall, therefore, ſuppoſe my *Eleve* arrived at that happy period, when having realized ſomething *comfortable*, and bid adieu to a buſtling world, he has retired from the din and duſt of the city, to ſome ancient hall, whoſe proprietor has found it convenient to tranſmute their dirty acres into the droſs of Lima and Potoſi.—To acquire notice and attention—promote conviviality and good acquaintance—and, above all, to chaſe away that dull fiend *ennui*, you muſt engage in the ſports of the country, though you know not a fox from a hare, unleſs, indeed, they were *roaſted*.

To promote the initiation of *grown* ſportſmen into the field, has often engaged my reflections, and after much conſideration, it appears to me, that the readieſt way would be to reſtore *ſome* of the inſtitutions of ancient chivalry!—Previous to the introduction of the young candidate for military fame, into the *field of Tournament*, it was cuſtomary to exerciſe him on a *wooden horſe*, fitted on caſtors, to accuſtom him to the ſhock of contending knights: of theſe *quiet* animals, the breed is not extinct, but ſome ſpecimens are ſtill left, which, I make no doubt, you have ſeen when conducting your country couſins to ſee the lions waſhed:—now could we procure one of theſe, our ſyſtem of education might inſtantly commence; but in this age, when it is ſo faſhionable to *dethrone* living kings, I ſhould be very ſorry to countenance any of thoſe innovations by even *diſmounting* a dead one. We muſt, therefore, have recourſe to ſome of the *horſe manufacturers*, who could ſoon furniſh us with a ſet of quiet cattle for *young* ſportſmen, and grown up children.

Our *hunter* being thus procured, we might *pro tempore*, make up a pretty good kennel, by means of the turnſpit, the houſe dog, maſter Jackey's pug, and madam's lap dog; to hunt with *theſe*, on a trail, a dead cat, or a fait herring, might ſuffice; but as the horſe would have no great inclination to follow, the ſtimulus which cannot be applied to him, muſt be applied to his *rider*; the moſt attractive ſcent in this caſe would be a baſon of mock turtle, or a hot beef-ſteak; but as young dogs are always broke-in to a *true ſcent* of their game, ſo we ſhall commence our breaking-in with a *roaſt hare*.

Our pupil having been exerciſed half an hour on his wooden horſe, we may introduce Molly, the cook-maid, as *whipper-in*, and the juvenile ſportſman being thus accuſtomed to the *cry* of the dogs, it will be proper to reward him with a hearty dinner off the object of his purſuit.

Having thus ſurmounted your firſt difficulties, you may proceed to acte-

al ſervice; and here recollecting the fate of poor Gilpin, provide yourſelf with a horſe that cannot *run away with you*; if you are not in at the *death*, you may be in at the *dinner*, and that, I preſume, will be to you the beſt part of the day's ſport. It may be proper to have a *bruſh*, and other emblems of a ſporting life, to ſhew to your city friends when they viſit you on their tour to the lakes, or the land's end; it will give them a high idea of your ſportſmanſhip; and when mr. Deputy Addlegate returns to town, he may tell the liſtening envying cits, how comfortable madam and you live in the country, and *as how* you have already *a bruſh or two*, and a pair of horns!

After your hot ſummer, and the novelty of the harveſt is over, it is high time to declare war againſt the patridges—if you have already been trained to ſtand fire, in the artillery ground, you have overcome one great difficulty; having thus learned to *fire*, your next object is to learn to *hit* the mark; you may, therefore commence with a dead hen, thrown up in the air, at which you may fire with your eyes ſhut, as ſhe cannot fly away if you miſs her; after a few trials, you may, perhaps, be able to kill her—to hit her I would ſay—and having ſucceeded in this you may prepare for the work of death. Loaded with amunition, like a tumbril cart, and accompanied by your pointers from the dog ſhop, you ſally forth—and Lord have mercy upon the patridges! Take care before you ſet out, to give the poor animals a hearty *breakfaſt*, as that will prevent them from running away from you; ſhould any of them obſtinately *ſtand*, and not come when you call to him, you may fire at him to frighten him, and who knows but you may kill a hen or two.

If you ſhould obſerve *much game* in a ſtubble field, you may kill a few, if you can—for though, perhaps, not very good *eating*, yet their *quills* will be uſeful in the family, either for miſs Maria to write her love letters, or her muſic maſter to tune the piano forte.

When tired of the gun, the delights of fiſhing naturally preſents themſelves; for this purpoſe you muſt be fitted out; it is impoſſible but that the ſimple country fiſh muſt be eaſily taken in by a city fly. When ſetting off for your day's diverſion, let your baſket be large enough, for though you may not fill it with trout, or grayling, yet it will be handy enough for your bread and cheeſe and porter. As fiſh eat beſt when juſt out of the water, (and if not to be eaten, why ſhould you be at the trouble of catching them?) take care to be provided with a *conjuror*—not a conjuror to tell where the fiſh haunt, but a conjuror to cook them when *caught*. If the day is cloudy, that the fiſh cannot ſee your bait, throw a few ſtones into their holes to drive them into the ſtream, and then if they *wont* bite, you may conſole yourſelf, that it is not your fault.—As patience is a neceſſary accompliſhment for a *fiſherman*, you may even, whilſt in town, practiſe a little in the canal or liffey; ſhould you catch nothing, you can always purchaſe ſix-pennyworth of flounders to *ſhew at home*.

You will naturally join in other rural ſports, of the bowling-green or cockpit; in the latter, the politeneſs of the company will make up for the barbarity of the amuſement; as a ſtaunch patriot, you muſt alſo encourage the breed of race horſes, though after much croſſing and joſtling, you may get the wrong ſide of the poſt.

As you will, at the country club, or quarter-ſeſſions, be a great ſtickler for *liberty*, you muſt prove it on your own manors, by a ſtrict adherence to the game laws; you will naturally conſider your game as valuable,

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and so indeed it is, as it is most likely that it costs you ten times more than it is worth; and though your preserves destroy more corn than the *parson* claims, yet you must always exlaim against tythes.

If an unlucky fellow in your neighbourhood should have a taste for poaching, as long as he keeps off your manors, you may be conveniently blind, particularly if he has a pretty wife or daughter; the *advantages* of this are self-evident, but when he is *fit for killing*, you must be careful that the tables are not turned upon you, like the sporting parson in one of the southern counties. This sprig of divinity having brought an unfortunate poacher before the magistrates, the proofs were so glaring, that they resolved to punish the offender in the mitigated penalty of five pounds, although his *reverence*, heedless of the poor man's solicitations, insisted strongly on the full penalty being levied. After the order was made out, the offender addressing the bench, begged 'to know of their honour's worships, if so be as how he could not fine measter Parson; on being answered in the affirmative, provided he could make out his case: 'Why then, ecod, measters,' said he, 'measter Parson ha got ne'er a stamp in his hat.'—The case was clear, his reverence was fined ten pounds, half to the informer, which was a clear set off to the poaching penalty.

By a strict attention to these hints, you may soon become notorious, and will be remembered in their prayers, by all the neighbouring poor—that is—they will remember to leave you out, but that is immaterial, for as they have so little interest in the courts *below*, it is not to be supposed they can have any in the courts *above*. I have thus given you a few hints for your commencement, but as I shall have an opportunity of paying you my respects again, in my visit to the *country squires*, I shall, for the present, with you a good morning.

Curious Invention in Clock-making.

MR. GREBEL, watch-maker at Paris, has obtained a patent for a discovery which may become of general utility. He has invented a pendulum which has no weight, and which has entirely the form of a ball the dial is transparent; and, by the means of a reflecting lamp, and a current of air, shews the hour at a great distance. In consequence of a peculiar contrivance, neither the hands, the pivot on which they turn, nor the balance, cast any shadow. A considerable degree of light may be given it; which, if necessary, may be diminished to the simple gleam of a rush light, thus forming a most convenient appendage to the chambers of the sick it will also prove very advantageous to all classes of society, as it may be adapted to public clocks; and while it renders the hour distinguishable every moment of the night, will, the same time, prove an excellent reverberating lamp.

Sabbath. By the Rev. J. Brown

ALTHOUOH an observance of the sabbath be only a duty positive and not of eternal obligation, it is, notwithstanding; so conducive to the culture and preservation of religion in the world, and is, in its own nature, so detached from sense, and so consonant with spiritual objects, as to merit the distinguished station it occupies in the moral law, instituted by God himself, and promulgated by Moses. The objects, of its commemoration under the Mosaic economy, were the creation of the world, and the deliverance of the Israelites from the press of Egyptian bondage. These were two splendid events, to which the attention of the human race, and of the nation in particular, behoved to be devoutly directed, and nothing but

event of ſuperior magnitude could ſuperſede them; which having taken place, under the moral government of God, that which was once principal, is now eſteemed ſubordinate; and the day for the commemoration of the ſublimeſt and moſt intereſting event is changed from the 7th to the 1ſt of the week, on which day the Saviour of the world aroſe from the dead to authenticate his divine miſſion, and conſequently the reſurrection and ſalvation of the humane race. In proportion then as it is more beneficent to *ſave*, than to *create*; to *regenerate moral*, than to *produce phyſical exiſtence*, to *eternize mind*, than to *form body*, in the ſame proportion is the obligation to obſerve the Chriſtian ſabbath, ſuperior to that by which the obſervance of the Jewiſh is enforced. It is conceded, that there is no expreſs and iſolated precept in the new Teſtament for this ſabbatical change; but as it is founded in the nature of things, as a 7th part of our time, and not a preciſe day of ſeven, is required for conſecration, and as the alteration was ſanctioned by the practice of the apoſtles, and after them, by that of the primitive church downwards, we Chriſtians, in our imitation of them, conceive that we are juſtified by ſuch practice and authority, as well as by the eternal and unalterable nature and fitneſs of things.

Obſervations on the Ring-worm, or Scald-head.

THE matres familiæ, and many of the moſt reſpectable people connected with academies in and about the metropolis have of late had much trouble, and are much alarmed about a diſorder that effects the hair of children, which ſome call a ring-worm, and others only a ſcald-head. It uſually makes it firſt appearance in a ſmall round ſpot, that appears bare, and ſcurfy, and that generally increaſes in ſize, while others break out in other parts of the head.

Among the various remidies propoſed for this diſorder, the moſt common is ſulphur and tar; but this is a naſty application, and ſo tedious, that it may be uſed for many months without effecting a cure. Gunpowder, Scotch ſnuff, infuſions of tobacco, vinegar, and muſhroom juice, have all been tried with different ſucceſs; but, nothing, as yet, appears to have been diſcovered which can be depended on as a certain cure.

If, therefore, any of the medical readers of your uſeful miſcellany could make it convenient to turn his thoughts to his ſubject, and have the goodneſs to give ſome information as to the nature and predipoſing cauſe, as well as the beſt way of preventing its ſpreading in large families, and of treating it, he will be entitled to the thanks of the public at large, and will oblige many of your readers.

Auguſt 13, 1808, J. H.

On the Uſe of Vine Leaves as a Subſtitute for Tea, &c. &c.

MR. EDITOR,

FROM the experiments I have tried, I find, on being dried, which ſhould be done in the ſhade, the leaves of the vine make an excellent and extremely wholeſome tea, though ſomewhat different, both in taſte and flavour from that generally uſed.—I have alſo found that, beſides being admirably calculated for making vinegar, the prunings of the vine, on being bruiſed and put into a vat or maſhing-tub, and boiling water poured on them, in the ſame way as is done on malt, produce a liquor of a fine vinous quality, which, being fermented, forms a fine ſubſtitute for beer; and which, on being diſtilled, produces a very fine ſpirit of the nature of brandy. As this is the ſeaſon for pruning the vine, many thouſand cart loads of which are, year after year, thrown away as uſeleſs, where there are not goats to eat them: and

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the idea here ſuggeſted is, not only new, but of high importance to the inhabitants of this country, particularly at the preſent juncture. Your inſerting it in your uſeful and intereſting miſcellany will oblige, ſir,

Your conſtant reader,

And moſt humble ſervant,

Aug. 30, 1808. J. H.

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

HAYMARKET.

THE expected play from the pen of mr. George Colman, was on Friday night, July 30, performed for the firſt time, at this theatre. It is entitled *The Africans; or, War, Love and Duty.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Farulho (the Prieſt) mr. Thompſon; Torribal, mr. Farley; Madiboo, mr. Fawcett; Selico, mr. Young; Damba Sego Jalla (King of Kaſſon) mr. Palmer, jun.—Beriſſa, mrs. Gibbs; Darina, mrs. St. Leger; Sutta, mrs. Liſton.

Selico is enamoured of Beriſſa, the daughter of an African prieſt. Every thing is prepared for the celebration of the nuptials, when in the midſt of the ceremony, the chief of the Mandingo warriors ſuddenly attacks the town, which he deſtroys by fire, and involves every thing in ruin and deſolation.—Selico is perſuaded that Beriſſa and her father have fallen in the general maſſacre, and flies to the relief of his mother, who had eſcaped into the woods under the protection of two more of her ſons, by all of whom ſhe is moſt fondly beloved. But although ſhe eſcaped the cruelty of the enemy, ſhe is on the point of falling a victim to famine, to reſcue her from which, every ſtratagem is anxiouſly thought of by the filial affection of her ſons, particularly by Selico. He firſt endeavours to get himſelf ſold as a ſlave, that the purchaſe money may procure a ſuſtenance for his mother, but failing in this, he endeavours to procure a large reward offered by the king for diſcovering the perſon who allowed the favourite ſlave he had taken in the town to eſcape from his camp. That ſlave is no other than Beriſſa. Selico prevails upon one of his own brothers to carry him before the enraged king, as the perſon who favoured the eſcape of the fair captive, that he might receive the reward, and thus ſecure the means of comfort to his mother—in this he ſucceeds, but is himſelf condemned to a cruel death. Hence ariſe the moſt affecting incidents of the piece: Selico is tied to the ſtake, to be burnt alive; and, while in that dreadful ſituation, Beriſſa and his mother appear—the one as his fellow ſufferer, the other as a mother in deſpair, explaining the nature of her ſon's conduct, and ſoliciting his releaſe. The king, touched with the ſingularity of his ſtory, not only grants him pardon, but beſtows on him the hand of his beloved Beriſſa, as the reward of ſuch rare virtues.

The fable of this piece is taken from the French of Florian. The different characters of the brothers are ſtrongly marked; and the ſerious part is conſpicuous for its ſimple dignity and unlaboured eaſe. The paſſions are not forced beyond their natural level: there is a controuling taſte in their wildeſt extravagance; they ebb and flow under the influence of human nature, and, whereſoever the hurricane rages, the effect is not inadequate to its cauſe.

The comic part of this play is principally reſted upon the ſhoulders of *Mr. Mug*, a turner in ivory and wood, from Snow-hill, Fleet-ſtreet; by a ſudden misfortune made a ſlave in Africa; and, by an equally unexpected change, raiſed to the dignity of ſecretary of ſtate to the black monarch of Mandingo.

This character was eminently fertile of humour in the hands of mr. Colman.—There was ſome very

pleaſant

pleasant raillery upon the forms of cabinet ministers, 'official dispatches,' and the ceremony of parliamentary debate.—*Mr. Mug* was, in truth, as pleasant a fellow as we have lately met with on the stage.—He naw and then dealt about him some unnecessary puns, but the tenor of his discourse was in the happiest mode of ridicule and farce: he commanded an incessant laugh, and came on and went off the decided favourite of the night.—It would be unjust not to add, that Liston's performance of this character was an unrivaled piece of comedy.

The characters of the play were very well supported by the other performers, particularly by mr. Young, mr. Fawcett, and mr. Farley.—The music was by mr. Kelly.—The play was received throughout with great and merited approbation.

Theatrical Chit-Chat.

On the 12th of August the furniture of the *theatre, Tottenham Court Road*, taken in execution, was sold by auction. Some of the *valuables*—'*Lot* 84. *A stage dresser.*

86. Sundry *tin sheets.*

93. *Two rope stretchers.*'—Query two of the company.?

"97. *A ladder and stage box.*

119. *Animal basket work, consisting of a Bull, Goose, and five ponies.*

129. Eight Spanish jackets and *one pair of breeches.*

142. Nine mens yellow dancing *flies*, six women do.

168. *Five petticoats, wrapper*, and sundry articles.

175. Sundry *side doors, water pieces*, &c.'

Mr. Williams' Catalogue.

So passeth away the glory of this world!

Report on State Lotteries.

THE committee of the house of commons appointed to enquire how far the evils attending lotteries have been remedied by the laws passed respecting the same, have, in their first report, come to six resolutions, the substance of which follows:—

1st. It is their opinion, that in case it shall be thought expedient to continue state lotteries, they should be limited to two, yearly, of not more than 30,000 tickets each; that the days of drawing should be eight instead of ten, and that the number of tickets to be drawn should be kept secret till the close of the drawing each day; care being taken that too many shall not be left to be drawn on the latter days.

2dly. That no person should be permitted to deal in lottery tickets, except those who take out a licence, and their agents.

3dly. That, to prevent persons setting up lottery-offices, as a cloak for carrying on illegal insurance, no person should be entitled to a licence unless he shared 150 tickets, instead of 30, the present number,

4thly. That all lottery offices should not be permitted to do business before eight o'clock in the morning, or after eight o'clock in the evening.

5thly. That the practice of illuminating lottery offices for outside shew, exhibiting lottery bills and schemes upon boards, carts, or carriages, in town or country, should be subjected, on conviction, to a considerable penalty, or the party imprisoned for a limited period.

6thly. That the exemption of lottery office keepers from the jurisdiction of justices of the peace and police magistrates, should be discontinued as inexpedient.

The committee, in their second report, say, that the foundation of the lottery is radically vicious, and that parliament cannot adopt any system of regulations to make it an efficient source of revenue, and at the same time divest it of all the evils

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and calamities of which it has hitherto proved ſo baneful a ſource. All the puniſhments inflicted by the ſtatutes upon offenders againſt the lottery acts fall only on the ignorant and deſtitute, whilſt the wealthy offenders hold them in utter contempt. The effects of the lottery, under its preſent reſtrictions; idleneſs, diſſipation, and poverty, have materially increaſed; ſacred and confidential truſts are betrayed; domeſtic comforts are deſtroyed; madneſs is often created; crimes, ſubjecting the perpetrators of them to the puniſhment of death, and even ſuicide itſelf, are committed, as fully appear by evidence ſubmitted to the committee. Such fatal attendants upon ſtate lotteries this committee are afraid will always continue, ſo long as ſtate lotteries are permitted to exiſt. The committee conclude with their opinion, that the money paid to government by contractors is not equivalent to the diſtreſs occaſioned to many perſons, ultimately forced to apply for parochial relief.

From the evidence before the committee, it appears that illegal inſurance is effected by what are termed *Morocco men*, in the loweſt ſhops, for which they are allowed two ſhillings in the pound. Theſe men, if impriſoned under the vagrant act, are allowed two guineas a week. A police officer ſtated a deplorable inſtance of a family who were accuſtomed to inſure; the huſband cut his throat, the wife went to the workhouſe, and the daughter is in the utmoſt indigence from the like practices. Evidence was given of many ſervants ſtealing their employer's property, for the purpoſe of inſuring and buying ſhares. The rev. mr. Gurney, of St. Clement Danes, ſtated that a reſpectable lady, who had a clear income of 400l. a year, was ſo reduced by the deſtructive propenſity to inſure in the lottery, that ſhe was compelled to ſeek refuge in the workhouſe, where ſhe died in the courſe of four months.

The Literary Progreſs of Paul Plaintive: ſhewing his Wars with Authors and Bookſellers.

SIR,

TO complain, however ineffectual or nugatory complaint may be, has ever been the privilege of the unfortunate: nor have they often neglected to indulge themſelves in clamorous regrets and vain repentances, for that which no human preſcience could foreſee, or prudence remedy. As I therefore unfortunately belong to the numerous tribe of the *Querimoniſts*, I intend to exert the privilege I poſſeſs, and to vell out my dolorous declamations, in the form of an epiſtle.

You muſt know, ſir, I am by profeſſion an author, and have written many admired pieces; at leaſt ſo my *friends tell me*. When I left the forming hand of my ſchoolmaſter, I uſed to compoſe ſonnets, elegies, and odes, all of which were exceedingly admired—*by my friends*. Theſe occaſionally adorned the Parnaſſian corner of ſome periodical publication, and my heart was elate, when I beheld the offſpring of my brain, in the form of printed letters, and upon hot-preſſed paper. I then aſpired to the dignity and elegance of proſe, and having juſt fallen in love, I wrote an 'Eſſay on Marriage,' which was highly praiſed—*by my friends*—and indeed, mr. Editor, I could not myſelf help thinking it was excellent; for, having read Godwin, and imbibed his towering thoughts, I fearleſsly aſſerted that 'it is an undoubted fact, that that man is wiſe that can act conſonant to his own feelings!' But ſuch is the fate of all ſublunary things!—While I was enjoying in creſted pride, the ſelf-complacencies of an author, lo! a mercileſs brother author attacked my eſſay, ridiculed my opinions, and finally declared that my arguments were like "two grains of wheat hid under two buſhels of chaff, for which we may ſearch all day before we can

find them, and when we do, they are not worth the ſearch.'—However, ſir, this mortification I ſoon forgot; and never wrote for the ſame work any more, ſince the editor was ſo ungrateful. But I believe he was piqued, poor man.

After this, I furniſhed a number of pretty articles for the newſpapers, but always *incog*; till at length a friend of mine, mr. METAPHOR, met me one day in Fleet-ſtreet, claſped me by the hand, and with a ſignificant ſmile, told me my fortune was made. 'Yes, yes, my friend! the ſun of proſperity and fame begins to dawn over the vale of obſcurity in which thy genius has ſo long been hidden; an aperture appears, and you may enter!' 'My dear mr. Metaphor,' I replied, 'tell me what it is you mean.' 'Ah, my boy! now for your eſſays, and your criticiſms, and your poetry, and——' 'But,' I again interrupted, 'to what does all this allude?' 'Allude! look here,' ſaid he, pulling a paper from his pocket, 'here it is—there, read.'

I ſnatched the paper eagerly from his hand, and, with a palpitating heart, peruſed it. It was the proſpectus of a new work; a new magazine: and it profeſſed the moſt liberal ſentiments. I folded it up again, returned it to my friend Metaphor, and ſqueezing him by the hand, bade him adieu! I did not ſtop to hear his flowery farewell, but haſtening to my garret, compoſed 'An Eſſay on Luxury,' over ſome bread and cheeſe and porter. This I thought my maſter-piece, as did alſo —*my friends*; for you muſt know, ſir, that I had intermingled a great deal of metaphyſics; though to be ſure at that time (and I tell it you as a ſecret) my metaphyſical learning was confined ſolely to Chapter I. § 1. of Locke; but *n'importe*; I made *uſe* of metaphyſical words, and left my reader to make *ſenſe* of them.

Here then I triumphed without an opponent for ſome time; till, unluckily, I one day reſolved to enter the field of controverſy; and therefore oppoſed ſomebody *without differing* from what he had *ſaid*. I thought nothing of that however, for I knew that I was not the only one who writes for *bread*, and not for *truth*; who takes up one ſide of an argument, not becauſe they think it right, but becauſe it will make a pamphlet. But to proceed.

As I ſaid before, I entered the field of controverſy, and wrote a marvellous long eſſay to prove that Kotzebue is a better dramatiſt than Shakſpeare. But this did not pleaſe, and I was horribly attacked the next month, not only by the author whom I had oppoſed, but by another who was only a ſpectator of the fray; and who, truth to ſay, wrote moſt virulently conſidering he was not a principal in the controverſy. However, I was not now to be ſcared by oppoſition, and I boldly wrote in my own defence a long letter; but this did not pleaſe the editor, and therefore was rejected. Enraged, I diſdained his work, and I never furniſhed him with any more articles. Now, were I inclined to be vain, I could tell you, mr. Editor, what my friends told me, that in conſequence of my receſſion, the magazine lived only two months, and then expired.

After the death of this younger ſon of the *Monthlies*, I continued to ſupport many of his elder brethren; but about this time another object called my attention, and this was no leſs than the redoubted '*Porcupine*.'—Here I wrote a flaming letter to a celebrated ſtateſman, which was equal to Junius—*as my friends ſaid*—and I expected to have had a flaming reply; but I know not how it was—the roarings of my pen was heard in ſilence. I have no doubt, however, had that paper continued, I ſhould, from the inflamable nature of my conſtitution

conſtitution, have caught ſome of that political furor which animates the boſom of mr. Cobbett, and like him I ſhould have abuſed every character of eminence, from lord Hawkſbury, and H. Addington, to ſir Joſeph Banks and mr. Otto.

Some ebon tears of condolence fell from my pen at the incongrous junction and ſubſequent deceaſe of this my much-eſteemed friend, and now tired of writing only for fame, and that ſometimes annonymous, I reſolved to write a book, and publiſh it. But though the firſt part of my reſolve was eaſily performed, I found, alas! manifold obſtructions in carrying the other into execution. New difficulties here aroſe, and I had to cope with ignorance, avarice and ſuſpicion. But my wars with theſe formidable opponents ſhall form the ſubject of another letter; meanwhile I conclude by ſubſcribing myſelf moſt affectionately, your brother and ſincere friend,

PAUL PLAINTIVE.

Over the Water,
Aug. 20, 1808.

For Walker's Hibernian Magazine.

Journey through parts of Ireland.
(Continued from Page 498.*)*

MERCURY is pleaſingly ſituated near Collooney. The manſion is in an elevated ſituation, commanding an extenſive proſpect, and the grounds are laid out with taſte: the whole combined forms a large and beautiful demeſne. On my paſſing by this ſeat I met a vaſt number of cars laden with ſtones, and was informed, that its munificent proprietor intended to add further buildings to this already much-improved and admired ſpot. Mr. Cooper lives in a moſt princely ſtile: his retinue is in every reſpect ſuitable to a man of rank. From the very curſorary obſervations I propoſed to myſelf to recount the many beauties of Mercury, is quite impoſſible; as I am confident materials would offer for deſcription that would treſpaſs on more than one day, in giving an outline of this enchanting place.

I muſt not, however, forbear noticing the demeſne of mr. Ormſby, called Caſtle Dargan, though on a ſmall ſcale; yet this ſeat is not without its attractive beauties. The houſe, though not ſo lofty as mr. Cooper's, yet from its ſituation, elevated on a verdant hill, looks extremely well; and juſt adjoining the road a ſmall deer-park, well ſtocked with that ſwift animal, which claims at once the attention of the ſportſman, and indulges the appetite of the epicure, renders this demeſne more complete than more extenſive ones.

The new road in ſome meaſure diverted my obſervation from other demeſnes; however I juſt caught a glimpſe of the ſeat of Joſeph Meredith, eſq. called Cloonamahon: to the ſtranger it may be proper to obſerve, that Cloonamahon has for many years been the ſeat of hoſpitality; its aged proprietor, whoſe generous and convivial heart takes the utmoſt pleaſure in the ſociety of his friends, is much reſpected and eſteemed.

Some ſhort diſtance from Collooney is the village of Tubberſcanavan, only remarkable for the fairs held there. The ſurrounding country, however, preſented the appearance of fertility, and ſome ſnug farm-houſes interſperſed here and there, diverſified the landſcape.

I was now juſt entering the agreeably ſituated village of Ballaſodare, and the road paſſing by the ſea ſhore rendered my ride more pleaſing. The water rolls in torrents, broken by the ſtupendous rocks, whoſe noiſe, even at a great diſtance, dwells upon the ear; but when you approach the Falls of Collooney and Ballaſodare, the view is at once awful, grand, and impreſſive. Here are extenſive flour

mills

mills; and between this village and Collooney a large bleach-green. I was informed that a ſilver mine had been worked here for many years with ſome effect; at preſent there are no works carrying on, and of courſe it lies neglected. Near this place is the ſeat of William H. Phipps, eſq. of Liſconny; this is really a handſome ſpot, and its proprietor adds one to the many hoſpitable gentlemen to be found in this country. I was now faſt approaching towards Sligo by one of the beſt roads I have met with, which I underſtood was completed by the exertion and management of Owen Wynne, eſq. whoſe improvements in road-making, architecture and agriculture, are well known to be moſt beneficial to his country. Journeying ſtill farther, the lofty hills of Benbulben and Knocknarea challenge attention. It was now evening, and the ſhadows of the declining ſun ſeemed to add new charms to thoſe vaſt hills which overhang the ſea at each ſide of the channel running into Sligo bay, whilſt the ſtillneſs of the evening, combined with a view of theſe ſtupendous objects, added to the ſolemnity of the wild romantic ſcene.

Sligo, (like moſt towns in this country, lies buried in a hollow, ſo that you muſt be juſt at its entrance before you diſcover it), is a large town and carries on a briſk import and export trade; it is only inferior to Galway in extent, population, and commerce, of any town in the province of Connaught: it lies about 134 miles weſt of Dublin, and contains above 7000 inhabitants. I entered the town through a long lane of cabins; but as I proceeded, obſerved a number of new houſes lately erected, and in a much better ſtile than formerly. The ſtreets were crowded, and had a little appearance of buſineſs as the capital city. The new ſtreets are paved on each ſide, which is a great improvement; however, the old ones which compriſe by far the greater part, are narrow, badly paved, and built very irregularly. This town furniſhes 4 or 500 yeomen well appointed, who make a very martial appearance. The quay wants improvement much, but I underſtood it was to undergo great enlargement, as was the harbour, at preſent very unſafe for ſhipping.—Juſt at the quay is the cuſtom-houſe, a ſmall ſtone building of two ſtories; a good trade is carried on here in proviſions: here are alſo a linen-hall, a tolerably decent building, market-houſe, ſeſſions-houſe, county gaol, ſome breweries, and a very extenſive diſtillery—there are alſo very large flour-mills. The proteſtant charter-ſchool at one extremity of the town, formed rather an intereſting building; and I was happy to hear that the boys and girls in that ſeminary are well educated and taken care of, which certainly is a national object. To educate the lower orders of the people by affording religious inſtruction, ſhould at all times engage the particular attention of government: much good ariſes from forming the tender minds for the purſuit of virtue and induſtry, thereby rendering uſeful and valuable members of ſociety, thoſe who would otherwiſe be uneducated, ignorant, and neglected.

There are two bridges in Sligo, the new and the old one; alſo two barracks for horſe and foot. The old caſtle has been long in ruins; but though the abbey ſtill holds up veſtiges of antiquity. Here are ſome curious fragments of old monuments, cloiſters, arches, and old towers ſtill ſtanding, well worth the inſpection of the curious: it is at preſent made uſe of as a burial ground, and walled in. The church is an handſome ſtructure, with a lofty ſteeple; and if an elevated ſpire was ſuperadded, it would have a very good effect.—The entire is well laid out, with a good organ. I

with the ſinging, and could not but acknowledge that the congregation was numerous and reſpectable — There are alſo two Roman catholic chapels, one of which is a very extenſive and handſome place of worſhip. There is alſo a methodiſt meeting-houſe: I however obſerved no quaker's meeting-houſe in any part of Connaught through which I paſſed.

Sligo abounds in fiſh—I have ſeen ſalmon of moſt excellent quality, ſo cheap as a ſhilling; their ſhell fiſh is juſtly admired. Their meat market forms a ſquare of nice brick buildings, and owes its origin to Owen Wynne, eſq. to whom this town belongs. I was ſurpriſed to hear that he erected thoſe decent ſhambles much againſt the wiſhes of the inhabitants, who preferred the ſlovenly way to neatneſs, cleanlineſs, and accommodation. This town is governed by a mayor and burgeſs, is a very ancient corporation, and returns one member to the imperial parliament; a weekly newſpaper is alſo publiſhed here. The inhabitants are in general hoſpitable and attentive to ſtrangers. The ſea-ſhore was interſperſed with a vaſt number of ſmall bathing-houſes, ſome in very ſhewy ſituations; and from being whitewaſhed, formed a very ſtriking appearance. After having ſpent a day or two very agreeably in Sligo at Nelſon's hotel, where the traveller meets with very good accommodation in every reſpect, I took my departure by the demeſne of Hazlewood, the ſeat of Owen Wynne, eſq. The ſun had juſt riſen on a benighted world, and by its rays diſſipated the dark vapours of the night, when this beautiful demeſne preſented itſelf to my view.—From the praiſe beſtowed on Hazlewood, I was in ſome degree prepared to expect a well improved handſome demeſne. Indeed, all travellers have been laviſh in the praiſe of this beautiful place; however, I cannot content myſelf without noticing it, though even curſorily, mr. Wynne may boaſt of being poſſeſſed of one of the handſomeſt ſeats in the kingdom: a capital manſion houſe, with many curious buildings in the demeſne, extenſive plantations, moſt productive gardens yielding all thoſe fruits which art and ingenuity can afford in our climate, pleaſure-gardens, well laid out ground, and interſected with moſt agreeable walks, ſerpentine avenues well ſtocked with various ever-greens; in ſhort, rural elegance reigns uncontrouled. Mr. Wynne is a member of the farming ſociety; and the many premiums adjudged to him, ſufficiently evince his ſkill and nicety in cattle. It is to be lamented that the landed properties of this country do not emulate ſuch characters as mr. Wynne, particularly in agriculture. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that in a great meaſure, owing to the judicious regulation of the farming ſociety, thoſe national improvements are daily gaining ground: but my time preſſes on me and reminds me not to digreſs too much; I muſt therefore leave this delightful ſpot and proceed on my journey. After ſome few miles riding I reached Manahamilton. This town, I believe, is in the county of Leitrim, being its furtheſt extremity; it conſiſts of one ſtraggling ſtreet, the church on a hill, with a lofty ſteeple and ſpire, appeared to much advantage—the town has nothing remarkable—the inhabitants are moſtly engaged in the manufacture of linen. What a pity that the extenſive province of Connaught have not more linen factories; ſurely no province in the kingdom would be better adapted for our ſtaple manufacture; and if the gentry would, in ſetting their lands, encourage the artiſts of the loom, they would materially ſerve their country.

Abbey-Boyle. W. P.

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

For Gibson's Ancient Miscellany.

A Canzonet. Most respectfully inscribed on the lovely and truly-accomplished Miss M. B. of C——h-ſt. Ennis, Co. Clare.— And set to Music (for the Piana-forte)— By Mr. L.

TO what shall I *my love* compare,
On whom each sister grace
Has pour'd out all that's great or rare,
In mind as well as face!

The softest teint *Aurora* spreads,
Gives vermil to her cheeks;—
She's fair as light in eastern skies,
When *May's* sweet morning breaks!

Oh! sweetly mild, beyond compare,
Did Nature form her face;—
And *Virtue*, thro' each feature fair,
Beams with angelic grace!

The matchless form, and modest air,
The soft engaging mein—
Peculiar to this blooming fair,
In whom all charms are seen!

MARY is lovely, virt'ous, young,
In native beauty dress't;
Sweet music dwells upon her tongue,
Soft pity in her breast!

A stranger to all prudish arts,
A patt'rn of all neatness;
BUTLER! *the fairest of the fair—*
The quintessence of sweetness!

Be others vers'd in all the paths
Of flattery and art;
All that I write—whate'er I say,—
Is *language* of the *heart!*

Limerick, Sept. 8, 1808.

For Gibson's Universal Miscellany.

Epitaph inscribed on the superb and admired Monument of the illustrious O'Brien's family, in the Church of Kilnasula, Neuu-market, Co. Clare.

D. O. M.
Siste gradum ac intuere:
Sub hoc marmore conditur quod mortale fuit
DONATI O'BRIEN, BARONETTI:

QUI partum stemmate nobilis erat,
Virtute propriâ longe nobilior.
Homo vere ad humanitatem factus,
Totus ad fidem, amicitiam, gratiam natus.
Statura corporis procerus fuit & decorus.
In aspectu dignitas, in sermone majestas,
In incessu gravitas, in moribus simplicitas,
Prudentiam, æquanimitatem, auctoritatem, mansuetudinem,
Si patrem respicias, nemo indulgentior,
Si Avum, nemo benevolentior,
Si Maritum, nemo amantior,
Si Amicum, nemo candidior,
Non sibi suis que solum vixit, sed aliis, sed patriæ.
Pauperes sublevavit citra spem gloriæ,
Sine partium studio æri publico invigilavit.
Omnibus favorem, consilium, mentamimpertivit.
Nulli (ubi opus erat) reprehensionem denegavit.
Comitatus de Clare patronum ubique ostentat.
In consessu pacis per 30 annos primos tenebat.
Animo semper fortis, justitiâ integerrimus.
Viæ publicæ and fontes commercii tautorem prædicant.
Ecclesiæ parochialis ornamenta vere filium loquuntur.
Pastoris Orthodoxi ab impiis perduellibus agitati,
Beneficio ejecti & per vim sceleratam grege orbati.
In ædibus suis (quoties pro iniquitate temporis fas erat)
Sibi vicinisque non sine periculo datum patrociniun,
Charitatem in fratrem, pro Religione zelum demonstrat.
His meritis sua præmia accumulavit fortuna.
Opibus & honoribus tam eximiæ virtutes ornabantur,
Privati regni consiliis sub Anna Regina interfuit.
Patrimonium probe & insigniter auctum liberis legavit.
Sui desiderium bonis omnibus reliquit.
Obiit 18 die Novembris 1717 anno ætatis suæ 76.
Hoc monumentum in perpetuam veræ & Sinceræ pietatis memoriam posuit Henricus,
Filius natu secundus solusque superstes,
Sumptibus suis.

A Paraphrase of the 12th Chapter of ecclesiastes. Respectfully inscribed to Miss M. Labau.

REMEMBER thy creator now in time,
Years move apace to rob thee of thy prime;
The evil day comes on, the hour draws nigh, [die:
When life shall cease and ev'ry pleasure
Hear then the inconveniences of age,
Drawn from the sacred and the mystic page.
Sun, moon, and stars, the mind's etherial host,
Sparkle no more their native lustre lost:
No more the noble faculties prevail,
Torpid the judgment grows, the mem'ry frail,

Dotage

Dotage in tears runs ſtreaming from the eye,
Miſts dims the ſight, and atoms ſeems to fly;
Palſy the knees, the men of ſtrength com-mands,
And ſhakes the keeper of the houſe—the hands.—
Dark are thoſe eyes that thro' the win-dows ſhone,
The page is miſty, and the letter gone.
Sleepleſs old age expects the riſing ſun,
And counts the circling moments as they run;
No arts are nurs'd, no beams of learning play,
Song charms no more, the muſes die away.
Each wary ſtep the tott'ring feet ſhall fear,
Feel danger in the way—no danger near;
No object can be viewed in any height,
The whirling object doubles on the ſight.
The giddy brain is ſhook with ev'ry ſound;
The graſshopper itſelf, a burden found.
For cluſtering locks a hoary whiteneſs ſee,
Like the chaſte bloſſom of the almond tree.
Tho' pleaſure, and the graces in her train,
Sue to be taſted—they may ſue in vain.
The ſpinal marrow weak, ſenſations die,
Lay every nerve, and every ſinew dry,
The heart lies idle, and the lungs oppreſt,
Ceaſe, with the pitcher broke, in endleſs reſt.
The mourner, meet—the fun'ral rites are o'er
Man ſinks to native duſt, and is no more!

Dublin, Auguſt, 1808. AMOR.

Curious Epitaph on Mary Scott, who was buried in the Church-yard of the abbey of Dunkeld, in 1728.

'STOP, paſſenger, until my life you read:
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years unwedded was my life;
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I wept a widow's woes;
Now tir'd of human ſcenes I here repoſe.
Betwixt my cradle and my grave were ſeen
Seven mighty kings of Scotland and a queen,
Full twice five years the commonwealth I ſaw;
Ten times the ſubjects rife againſt the law;
And, which is worſe than any civil war,
A king arraign'd before the ſubjects' bar.
Swarms of ſectarians, hot with helliſh rage,
Cut off his royal head upon the ſtage.
Twice did I ſee old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak did ſink beneath the gown.
I ſaw the Steward race thruſt out; nay, more,
I ſaw our country ſold for Engliſh ore;
Our numerous nobles who have famous been,
Sunk to the lowly number of ſixteen.
Such deſolation in my days have been:
I have an end of all terreſtrial ſcene.'

A Rebus.

TAKE the inital here below,
And know the nymph at laſt,
That Cupid ſwears has got his bow,
And ſhoots his darts too faſt.
The ſpiritual prince of modern Rome,
The queen who ſeal'd fair Roſamond's doom,
The fair unhappy ſelf-enamoured boy;
Great Labans, youngeſt daughter—Jacob's joy.
The man whoſe notes gave life to woods and hills,
The fire which earth with vegetation fills;
That ſolemn vernal feaſt which Chriſtians kept,
For joy that their Redeemer liv'd—who ſlept.

Dublin, Sept. 10 1808.

PENROSE *a Rebus.*

THREE fourths of a beaſt with long ears to his head,
Three fourths of a fiſh in the ſeas that are bred;
Half of the bandage above the knee,
Spells a town in Britanny.

Dublin, Sept. 10, 1808.

Anſwers are expected.

Iriſh Binding.

TEAGUE, a true honeſt ſoul as e'er trod Iriſh ground,
Once was ſent, by his maſter, ſome books to get bound;
Bibles, eſſays, and poems, and works of *virtu*,
To be deck'd with gilt letters, in ſcarlet and blue.
When the artiſan ey'd them, in terms of his trade,
'Some of theſe muſt be done in *Morocco*.'
'Theſe bibles in *Turkey*; and, as for the reſt,
'I think *Baſil* and *Ruſſia* will ſuit them the beſt.'
'Fait,' ſays Teague, 'hold your bodder and outlandiſh ſtuff,
'Sure and won't *Iriſh* binding look juſt well enough!
'Why theſe outlandiſh elves would ye be after troubling?
'Maſter told me to get e'm all bound here in DUBLIN.'

Impromptu, on the Soldiers being deprived of their Cues.

WHEN cue, in pride of his charms,
Cut off, from the occiput fell,
His friends, and companions in arms,
Thus bade him a mournful farewell:—

'Believe us, we ne'er can forget thee,
Nor ceaſe thy ſad loſs to bewail;
Even our foes ſhall have cauſe to regret thee,
For henceforth we can never—*turn tail*.'

H. R. W.

The Dying Rake's Soliloquy.

IN the fever of youth ev'ry pulse in a flame,
Regardless of fortune, of health, and of fame, (pride;
Gay pleasure my aim, and profusion my
No vice was untasted no wish was denied.
Growing headstrong and haughty, conspicuous and vain, (train;
Not decency aw'd me, nor laws could re-
The vigils of Comus and Venus I kept,
Tho' tir'd, not fated, in sunshine I slept:
All my appetite pall'd, I no pleasure enExcess made them tasteless, their frequency joyed, (cloyed,
When my health and my fortune to riot gave way; (cay.
And my parts, and my vigour, felt total de-
The doctors were sent for, who greedy of
Engaged that their skill should remove the fees, (disease;
With looks most important each symptom was weighed, (played.
And the farce of prescription full gravely was
Reduced by their arts, and quite worn to a lath, (Bath:
My carcase was sent to the vultures at
When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there, (tive air.
All the hope that remained was to try naScarce a doit in my purse, or a drop in my veins, (my remains;
To my old mortgaged house, they conveyed
No friend to assist me, no relation to grieve,
And scarcely a bed my poor bones to receive. (pain,
With solitude curs'd, and tormented with
Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain;
Thus from folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
I sunk, of my passions the victim and slave.
No longer debauch, a companion deceive,
But alarm'd at the vengeance I'd fain disbelieve:
With horrors forboding desponding I lie,
Tho' tir'd of living, yet dreading to die.

State of Public Affairs.

THE cause of liberty is not to be despaired of. The French are not entirely driven out of Spain, yet every account from that country encourages the enlivening hope, that it will be soon in a situation to make its own laws, to choose its own king, and maintain its independence. This glorious opportunity will not be lost. At present, each province has its separate committee, and the nation is represented in various corresponding societies. They have a common object in view, and as long as that is unaccomplished little apprehension need be entertained of the effect of mutual jealousies. They are fortunate also of having a grand constitutional object to attain, the establishment of the Cortez or parliament, which may have the supreme command, and reestablish the unity of the kingdom. This point has been deservedly dwelt upon by one junta, of which the count of Florida Blanca is a member: but he seems to have no views further than the return of the Cortez on its ancient footing, that is, on the plan of a very imperfect representation of the people. To this it is not likely that the people will consent: and now that they have arms in their hands, and have proved themselves capable of exercising their rights, they will take care that their Cortez shall consist of men who have an equal interest in the kingdom with themselves, not a set of individuals whose great object is to get as much power as possible for themselves, and with as little regard as possible for their inferiors.

Two grand facts have occurred since our last—the defeat of the French under Dupont in Andalusia, and the retreat of Joseph, the pretended king, from Madrid. By the former, the south of Spain is entirely cleared of the French, the great army having been destroyed either in the field of battle or by capitulation. All the scattered troops, that may be to the south of the passes of Sierra Morena, must therefore surrender, and the seizure of those passes prevents the introduction of fresh troops. In fact, nothing but a very large army could think of re-entering Andalusia; and such an army cannot be collected for this purpose without leaving its rere open to an attack from the united forces of the Spaniards to the north, and the French thus placed between two fires must surrender. The Andalusians have therefore much to boast of, in the deliverance of Spain. To them the nation is indebted for the seizure of the French fleet, and the annihilation of an army. This will give Seville a great influence in the restoration of the government. Its junta has already a command over a very extensive district; and as the French are driven out from other districts, this junta will be enlarged, probably by deputations from the juntas of the freed provinces.

Curiosity will naturally be excited to see in what manner the nobility will be received who formed the pretended Cortez at Bayonne, and placed one of the Napoleon dynasty on the throne. They are the chiefs of the ancient nobility, and possess very great property; and they have been placed in a situation which required a degree of magnanimity, that the example of France has proved to us, is not to be expected from the heirs of ancient families. It may be urged also, in extenuation of their cowardice and criminal conduct, that, previous to the general rising of the people, such an event was not to be expected. The Spanish

nish character, they would say, was entirely degraded and lost, and it was impossible to rouse their countrymen to an energy capable of meeting the conquerors of Europe. They were by no means singular in this respect, and posterity will read with equal astonishment, that a people, supposed to have been lost in superstition and fettered by the tyranny of a vile government, in an instant broke its chains and asserted the rights which belong to man, and which it has been so much the fashion of late years to hold in contempt.

One good result attending the meeting at Bayonne is, that the nobles which formed it will be marked, and not one of them is likely to be a member of the new Cortez. Indeed many of them will follow the fortunes of the pretended king, and the others will think themselves sufficiently fortunate if they are permitted to enjoy their fortunes without interfering in public affairs. Thus Spain will be relieved from the intrigues which would have been constant in a supreme assembly, of which they were members. New persons will be chosen, and we shall see in them what is the real Spanish character. Great ignorance has long prevailed on this subject, from the few travellers that have been in that country: yet that it is not so deficient in talents as is generally imagined, we have a proof:—one of the best mathematicians now in this country is a Spaniard born, but naturalised among us, and who by his writings and very laborious tables has done great and essential service to navigation. He was a captain in the Spanish navy; and weak must be that government which exacts condition, disabling its best subjects from serving it. We have, however, striking instances of this folly in other countries beside Spain.

In this glorious struggle for liberty in Spain the people of England have fully entered on the first war with France, after its revolution, there was a diversity of sentiment. The friends of liberty in this country saw with regret that our arms were united with those of the continental despots. The war on the continent was originally a war of kings against the people; they feared the spreading of liberty, and took the best means, though unwittingly, for encouraging it. On this struggle in Spain there cannot be a doubt in any English breast. It is a war of the people, undertaken by the people, and for the rights of both crown and people. The kings who have crouched under Bonaparte must now see what a people can do; and that if kings reign justly and wisely, if they consider the interests of the people as their own, and understand that they hold a place not formed for mere personal convenience, but for the good of the people, they need not dread the attack of any foreign enemy. The arms of France have hitherto been irresistible, because they have no where met with a people to contend with. Disciplined armies met with disciplined armies, and the discipline and skill of the French being superior beat down all opposition. The people in whose country the battle was lost, were not trusted with arms. The prince was more fearful of them than of the enemy. In Germany, indeed, the country was divided into such petty districts with separate interests, that the people could not be combined together in one common cause. In Spain they are all one people, fighting for national independence.

Every body knows with what enthusiastic ardour the Spanish deputies have been every where received. The *Te Deum*, sung for the victory of the Andalusians over the French, was heard by more protestants than catholics; and overlooking the fopperies of the mass, the English joined in the acts of thanks, as thinking the Spaniards engaged in a cause which belongs to all mankind. The same sentiment prevailed in the convivial meetings to which the deputies were invited. It is in these meetings that the heartiness, if we may so term it, of our character is displayed; and the Spaniards must be convinced, that we feel for them as we should for any district of our own invaded by the enemy. We trust that this will lead to a solid union between the two countries: and whether it does or not, it will be creditable to England that, as it protected religious liberty against the Spaniards when in queen Elizabeth's time they were attempting to crush the Dutch, we are equally zealous for political liberty in assisting the efforts of the Spaniards against the usurpation of the French.

The pretended king of Spain, in leaving his capital, has taken care to secure to himself what he supposes to be his own property, that is all the royal goods and chattels, vestments, jewels, and treasures he can lay hold of. This is of little consequence. Let him carry away such spoils, they are easily renewed, or if not, there are brighter jewels that the new king may possess; and if he has the love of his subjects, he need not envy the diamonds in any crown. But it is doubtful whether the pretender will be able to make his escape. He has the advantage, indeed, of the Andalusian army; but checks may be thrown in his way by the levies from the northern provinces. At any rate it is not of great consequence. If Spain once gets rid of the Frenchmen now within the realm, it need not fear the re-entrance of their most powerful armies, even headed by Bonaparte.

The capital of Portugal is, now that

re writing in the hands of the French; but before this comes into the hands of our readers, we expect to hear of its surrender to the united arms of the Portuguese and English. The north and south of Portugal has declared itself: the capital and district around it alone is in the possession of the French. It is not probable that they can long hold out against such a force. The English have effected a landing of one body of troops to the north of Lisbon, at the distance of about thirty miles: another body was expected soon to join it, and they would be assisted by the Portuguese camp near Coimbra, the number of whose troops is not ascertained, but from the general rising of the people we cannot doubt but that it must be very considerable. Junot and our admiral have each issued their manifestos. Junot not forgetting to attack us on the score of heresy: but bad as our faith may be supposed to be, the French have given such proofs of theirs as will not endear them to any catholic. The Russian fleet, is thus in a perilous situation, it cannot come out for fear of our blockading squadron; and if it remains in the Tagus, it must yield either to the forces on land or to our squadron, which will be enabled to enter the Tagus as soon as our troops have taken possession of the forts which guard its entrance.

Thus a most wonderful exchange will be effected, opening a new scene of things, whose results no one can calculate. A few months ago all the coasts of Europe were under the immediate command or the influence of Bonaparte. Those of the peninsula of Spain and Portugal are now separated from his yoke, and not only separated, but they are became hostile to him and friendly to us: their fleets will be united with our fleets, and we no longer dread any naval armament that Bonaparte may prepare for our invasion. What will be the use made of these opportunities? Will the mighty conqueror submit to a peace? Will he consent to be confined within his lately acquired dominions? or will the success in Spain lead to a new war to terminate in the ejection of the French in Italy, and the establishment of the independence of that peninsula?

In all this history we cannot account for the politics of Bonaparte, and that he should have ventured such a change in Spain without better security of success is what was not to be expected from so profound a statesman. In another quarter also opposition to him is now seriously talked of. He has quitted Bayonne, and is said to be expected soon on the banks of the Rhine. Austria is refractory, and is resolved to try again its fortune with the French. If it does, this will be merely a common war, with no great interest attached to it: whether the Austrians beat the French, or the French beat the Austrians, is of no other consequence, than as it weakens our enemy and prevents him from pursuing his schemes of universal domination. The great point will be, if this war engages his attention so as to prevent him from attending to the affairs of Spain, then the Austrians will be doing some good: but every one must deprecate the success of the Austrian arms, if it should be attended with their re-entrance into either Germany or Italy. One great benefit of the continental war has been the overthrow of the Austrian power in those countries, and we hope that it will never be re-established in either of them.

Italy remains quiet in these commotions, not long to be so, as probably the king of Sicily will meditate a return to his dominions. His conduct on his former restoration will not excite many wishes for his success, and we shall lament that the change excited by the Spanish struggle should restore the pope to his temporial dominions. The crisis is very extraordinary, and no one can tell what it may produce; but mankind are not grown wise enough to find out the means of terminating their differences without bloodshed, and of preventing one set of men from rising after another to carry on the same system of arbitrary power.

The war in Sweden seems to be forgotten: even the strange return of our army from that country excites no more surprise, and it is considered as a fortunate event that we had so great a disposeable force for the south of Europe. Finland continues the scene of action. The Russians retain the chief positions, from which they will not easily be driven: but they do not seem likely to advance farther into the country. The chivalrous king is playing his part very well, but all will probably soon end in a negociation. As to the war between the Danes and the Swedes that is very languid, and the Danes are not very active in their exertions against us. In fact, this petty war in the north is of little or no consequence; what turn it will take depends much on the issue of the affairs of Spain.

America retains its wise position. Spain and Portugal are now open to its vessels without fear of our cruizers. How far it will avail itself of this opportunity time will discover. Jamaica has presented a very extraordinary and a very melancholy scene Government has there some black regiments, which are recruited from the new arrivals from the coast of Africa. These are all purchased, and of course a black soldier is a very dear bargain. About fifty of these recruits were exercising one day,

when a fit of phrenſy or what we call mutiny ſeized them, and they ruſhed in one body from their poſts and murdered ſeveral officers. The unhappy wretches were ſurrounded by a ſuperior force, tried for their offence, and many of them ſhot. The aſſembly of Jamaica has very wiſely petitioned the governor for the removal of the black corps out of the iſland. At any rate it ſhould not be permitted to receive any but thoſe who were born in the Weſt Indies.—In the Brazils the prince of Portugal is very happily ſettled, and a conſiderable trade is opened between that country and England. He has iſſued a manifeſto againſt the French, vindicating his conduct, and abuſing the emperor. It conveys no new facts, and cannot excite much intereſt.

Among the dinners given to the Spaniſh deputies in town, one was made by the merchants. At this ſir Francis Baring preſided, and toaſts were given ſuited to the occaſion. Of courſe the ſovereigns of the friendly powers took the lead, and the healths even of the kings of Sweden and Sicicily were received with very great applauſe; but that of the preſident of the united ſtates of America was marked by hiſſes and groans and other ſpecimens of diſapprobation. Sir Francis Baring has juſtified himſelf in giving this health, in a letter in the public papers, on the plea that the occaſion required that the health of the friendly powers ſhould be given; but we wiſh that he had added, that no one ſovereign, whoſe health had been drunk, was more entitled to it, than the preſident of the united ſtates: for, if the ſame inſults had been offered on our coaſts by his veſſels that the Americans have received from ours on their coaſts, our return would have been very different. In the difficult criſis, in which he has been at the helm of government, he has conducted himſelf with wiſdom and fortitude, which will excite the admiration of poſterity.

LONDON, *Sept.* 4.

YESTERDAY gave riſe to ſeveral intereſting reports, which we ſhall rejoice to find confirmed.—They ſtated, on the authority of letters from Oporto of the 28th ult. that the French and Britiſh troops in Portugal were engaged on the 24th, and that the enemy were totally defeated.—The following communication on the ſubject was poſted at Lloyds:—

'*Lloyd's, Saturday, One o'Clock, p. m.*

'A gentleman of this houſe has juſt received a letter from Oporto, dated the 28th laſt, which ſtates, that Junot and his army had decamped from Liſbon, to which he had retreated after the defeat of the 21ſt, and was attacked on the 24th by the Britiſh army; that general Loiſſon and 5,000 French were killed in the action, and the Junot and the remainder were made priſoners. Thirty-three waggons loaded with plate and other valuables, of which the French had plundered the city of Liſbon, fell into the hands of the Britiſh army. The Ruſſian fleet in the Tagus had hoiſted Portuguese colours.'

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A letter received by a merchant in the city from his partner at Oporto, dated Sunday, ſtates, that the following notification had on that day been poſted at the exchange of that city, and that the greateſt rejoicing had taken place on the occaſion:

'*Loiſſon, with five thouſand men, killed, Junot and Laborde priſoners*, on their way to Coimbra and Oporto, as the Britiſh general would not concede to them any honours. Thirty-three waggons loaded with the plunder, taken. The Ruſſians, as ſoon as the French left the capital, hoiſted Portuguese colours. There has been a *naval engagement*, in which the *Engliſh deſtroyed a French ſquadron*, which was conveying to Portugal prince Eugene (our king!) with ſeveral thouſand men to reinforce Junot.'

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A letter from Oporto, dated the 28th of Auguſt, received this morning ſtates, 'that general Junot and his army had evacuated Liſbon, after plundering the place of 300 waggon loads of the moſt valuable articles that could be collected, and, after different actions with the Britiſh, was ultimately defeated by our brave countrymen on the 21ſt. General Loiſſon and about 5,000 of the French were killed.—General Junot and the reſt of the French army were taken priſoners.'

This letter adds a very curious circumſtance, 'that the Ruſſian ſhips in the Tagus hoiſted Portugueſe colours as ſoon as they heard of the defeat and capture of Junot's army.

'Theſe actions, which terminated in the ruin of the French army, were fought in conſequence of Junot refuſing the only terms which general Welleſley would grant him, to ſurrender unconditionally!'

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The Oreſtes, arrived at Plymouth, from our ſquadron off the Tagus, has brought advice that Junot, hoping that his offers of capitulation would relax the vigilance of our commanders, had attacked the brigade of generals Hill, Ferguſon, &c. which had been puſhed on towards Mafra, but was unable to make the leaſt impreſſion. On the following (the 24th) ſir H. Dalrymple attacked the enemy on the banks of the Cercira, and obtained a complete vic-

making Junot, Laborde, Kellerman, and four thouſand men priſoners, and leaving Loiſſon and five thouſand Frenchmen dead on the field of battle, that the reſt of the French army had fled to the mountains, leaving their cannon, baggage, &c. and were purſued by the peaſants, who had brought in ſeveral of them.

Letters, both by the Oreſtes and the Hindoſtan, ſtate, that the Ruſſian admiral, on being informed of the defeat of Junot on the 21ſt, had hoiſted the Portugueſe flag on the fortifications which he had conſtructed on the banks of the Tagus for the defence of his ſquadron, and ſent to ſir C. Cotton to ſtate, that he conſidered himſelf under the protection of her moſt faithful majeſty, the ally of his maſter, and that any operations undertaken againſt the Ruſſian flag, in a neutral and friendly port, would be a violation of the independence of Portugal, and an outrage againſt the law of nations. Our Plymouth correſpondent, in reporting this account, adds, that ſir C. Cotton had replied, that as the Portugueſe government had been ſuſpended on the Tagus, he could not conſider the Ruſſian ſquadron other than an hoſtile fleet in an enemy's port, and that his duty admitted of but one line of conduct on the occaſion; at the ſame time, that he was convinced the Britiſh government, after the neceſſary ſurrender of this fleet, would exerciſe in regard to it the moſt favourable conſtruction that the queſtion would admit of.

Intelligence was yeſterday received at the admiralty from Sir Samuel Hood, ſtating that the Ruſſian fleet was actually at ſea, having left Cronſtadt, with an avowed intention of clearing the Baltic of the Engliſh ſhips of war.

London Gazette Extraordinary.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Downing-ſtreet, Sept. 16.

A diſpatch, of which the following is a copy, was received yeſterday evening from lieutenant-general ſir Hew Dalrymple, commanding his majeſty's troops in Portugal, addreſſed to lord viſcount Caſtlereagh, one of his majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, and brought by captain Dalrymple, military ſecretary to ſir Hew Dalrymple.

Head-quarters, Cintra, Sept. 3, 1808.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to inform your lordſhip that I landed in Portugal, and took the command of the army on Monday the 22d of Auguſt, the next day after the battle of Vimiera, and where the enemy ſuſtained a ſignal defeat, where the valour and diſcipline of Britiſh troops, and talents of Britiſh officers, were eminently diſplayed. A few hours after my arrival, general Kellerman came in with a flag of truce from the French general in chief, in order to propoſe an agreement for a ceſſation of hoſtilities, for the purpoſe of concluding a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops. The incloſed contains the ſeveral articles at firſt agreed upon, and ſigned by ſir A. Welleſley and gen. Kellermann; but as this was done with a reference to the Britiſh admiral, who, when the agreement was communicated to him, objected to the 7th article, which had for its object the diſpoſal of the Ruſſian fleet in the Tagus, it was finally concluded, that lieutenant-colonel Murray, quarter-maſter general to the Britiſh army, and general Kellerman, would proceed to the diſcuſſion of the remaining articles, and finally conclude a convention for the evacuation of Portugal, ſubject to the ratification of the French general in chief, and the Britiſh commanders by ſea and land.

After conſiderable diſcuſſion and repeated reference to me, which rendered it neceſſary for me to avail myſelf of the limited period latterly preſcribed for the ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities, in order to move the army forwards, and to place the ſeveral columns upon the routes by which they were to advance, the convention was ſigned, and the ratification exchanged the 30th of laſt month.

That no time might be loſt in obtaining anchorage for the tranſports and other ſhipping, which had for ſome days been expoſed to great peril on this dangerous coaſt, and to inſure the communication between the army and victuallers, which was cut off by the badneſs of the weather, and the ſurf upon the ſhore, I ſent orders to the Buffs and 42d regiments which were on board of tranſports with ſir Charles Cotton's fleet, to land and take poſſeſſion of the forts of the Tagus, whenever the admiral thought it proper to do ſo.—This was accordingly carried into execution yeſterday morning, when the forts of Caſcaes, St. Julien, and Bugio, were evacuated by the French troops, and taken poſſeſſion of by ours. As I landed in Portugal entirely unacquainted with the actual ſtate of the French army, and many circumſtances of a local and incidental nature, which doubtleſs had great weight in deciding the queſtion; my own opinion in favour of the expediency of expelling the French army from Portugal by means of the convention the late defeat had induced the French general in chief to ſolicit, inſtead of doing ſo by a continuation of hoſtilities, was principally founded on the great importance of time, which the ſeaſon of the year rendered peculiarly valuable, and which the enemy could eaſily have conſumed in the protracted defence of the

ſtrong places they occupied, had terms of convention been refuſed them.

When the ſuſpenſion of arms was agreed upon, the army under the command of ſir John Moore had not arrived, and doubts were even entertained whether ſo large a body of men could be landed on an open and dangerous beach; and that being effected, whether the ſupply of ſo large an army with proviſions from the ſhips could be provided for, under all the diſadvantages to which the ſhipping were expoſed. During the negociation, the former difficulty was overcome by the activity, zeal, and intelligence of captain Malcolm of the Donegal, and the officers and men under his orders; but the poſſibility of the latter ſeems to have been at an end, nearly at the moment when it was no longer neceſſary.

Captain Dalrymple, of the 18th dragoons, my military ſecretary, will have the honour of delivering to your lordſhip this diſpatch. He is fully informed of whatever has been done under my orders, relative to the ſervice on which I have been employed, and can give any explanation thereupon that may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) H. DALRYMPLE,
Lieut.-Gen.

The right hon. lord viſ. Caſtlereagh.

Tranſlation of the articles for a ſuſpenſion of arms in Portugal.

Suſpenſion of arms agreed upon between lieutenant-general ſir Arthur Welleſley, knight of the order of the Bath, on the one part, and m. Kellerman, general of diviſion, grand officer of the legion of honour, commander of the order of the Iron Crown, grand croſs of the Bavarian order of the Lion, on the other part; both inveſted with full powers by the reſpective generals of the French and Britiſh armies, dated head-quarters of the Britiſh army, Aug. 22, 1808.

Art. I. There ſhall be from the preſent date a ſuſpenſion of arms between the forces of his Britannic majeſty and thoſe of his imperial and royal majeſty Napoleon I. in order to treating for a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army.

Art. II. The generals in chief of the two armies, and the admiral commander in chief of his Britannic majeſty's fleet off the the mouth of the Tagus, ſhall fix upon a day whereon to meet on ſuch point of the coaſt as ſhall be thought fit, in order to treat for and conclude ſaid convention.

Art. III. The river Strander ſhall form the line of demarcation between the two armies: Torres Vedras ſhall not be occupied by either.

Art. IV. The commander in chief of the Britiſh army ſhall engage to include the Portugueſe armies in this convention, and their line of demarcation ſhall be from Leira to Thurmar.

Art. V. It is proviſionally agreed, that the French army ſhall in no caſe be conſidered priſoners of war; that all thoſe of whom it conſiſts ſhall be conveyed to France, with arms and baggage, and all their private property of every deſcription, no part of which ſhall be wreſted from them.

Art VI. No individual, whether native of Portugal, or a country in alliance with France, or of France, ſhall be moleſted for his political conduct: they ſhall be protected in their perſons, their properties reſpected, and they ſhall be at liberty to remove from Portugal with what belongs to them within a ſtipulated time.

Art. VII. The neutrality of the port of Liſbon ſhall be recogniſed with regard to the Ruſſian fleet; that is to ſay, when the Britiſh army or fleet ſhall be in poſſeſſion of the city and port, the ſame fleet ſhall not be moleſted during its continuance there, nor obſtructed when leaving it, nor followed after it ſhall have quitted that port, before the time preſcribed by the maritime laws.

Art. VIII. All the artillery of French calibre, as alſo all the horſes of the French cavalry, ſhall be tranſported to France.

Art. IX. This ſuſpenſion of arms ſhall not be broken without forty-eight hours notice.

Made and agreed by the forementioned generals.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.
KELLERMAN, general of diviſion.

ADDITIONAL ARTICLE.

The garriſons of the places occupied by the French army ſhall be included in the preſent convention, if they ſhall not have capitulated before the 25th inſt.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.
KELLERMAN, general of diviſion.

(A true copy)
A. J. DALRYMPE, captain, military ſecretary,

Definitive convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army.

The generals commanding in chief the Britiſh and French armies in Portugal, having determined to negotiate and conclude a treaty for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops, on the baſis of the agreement entered into on the 22d inſt. for a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities, have appointed the undermentioned officers to negociate the ſame in their names, viz. On the part of the general in chief of the Britiſh army, lieutenant-colonel Murray quartermaſter, general, and on the other part of the gene-

general

tal in chief of the French army, monſieur Kellerman, general of diviſion, to whom they have given authority to negociate and conclude a convention to that effect, ſubject to their ratification reſpectively, and to that of the admiral commanding the Britiſh fleet at the entrance of the Tagus. Theſe two officers, after exchanging their full powers, have agreed upon the articles which follow :—

Art. I. All the places and forts in the kingdom of Portugal, occupied by the French troops, ſhall be delivered up to the Britiſh army, in the ſtate in which they are at the period of the ſignature of the preſent convention.

Art. II. The French troops ſhall evacuate Portugal with their arms and baggage ; they ſhall not be conſidered as priſoners of war, and, on their arrival in France, they ſhall be at liberty to ſerve.

Art. III. The Engliſh government ſhall furniſh the means of conveyance for the French army, which ſhall be diſembarked in any of the ports of France between Rochefort and L'Orient incluſively.

Art. IV. The French army ſhall carry with it all its artillery of French calibre, with the horſes belonging to it, and the tumbrils ſupplied with 60 rounds per gun. All other artillery, arms, and ammunition, as alſo the military and naval arſenals, ſhall be given up to the Britiſh army and navy, in the ſtate in which they may be at the period of the ratification of the convention.

Art. V. The French army ſhall carry with it all its equipments, and all that is comprehended under the name of the property of the army ; that is to ſay, its military cheſt, and carriages attached to the field commiſſariat and field hoſpitals, or ſhall be allowed to diſpoſe of ſuch part of the ſame on its account as the commander-in-chief may judge it unneceſſary to embark. In like manner all individuals of the army ſhall be at liberty to diſpoſe of their private property of every deſcription, with full ſecurity hereafter for the purchaſers.

Art. VI. The cavalry are to embark their horſes, as alſo the generals and other officers of all ranks. It is however fully underſtood, that the means of conveyance for horſes at the diſpoſal of the Britiſh commanders are very limited ; ſome additional conveyance may be procured in the port of Liſbon ; the number of horſes to be embarked by the troops ſhall not exceed ſix hundred, and the number embarked by the ſtaff ſhall not exceed two hundred. At all events, every facility will be given to the French army to diſpoſe of the horſes belonging to it which cannot be embarked.

Art. VII. In order to facilitate the embarkation, it ſhall take place in three diviſions, the laſt of which will be principally compoſed of the garriſons of the places, the cavalry, the artillery, the ſick, and the equipment of the army. The firſt diviſion ſhall embark within ſeven days of the date of the ratification, or ſooner, if poſſible.

Art. VIII. The garriſon of Elvas, and its forts, and that of Peniche and Palmela, will be embarked at Liſbon. That of Almaida at Oporto, or the neareſt harbour. They will be accompanied on their march by Britiſh commiſſaries charged with providing for their ſubſiſtence and accommodation.

Art. IX. All the ſick and wounded who cannot be embarked with the troops are entruſted to the Britiſh army They are to be taken care of whilſt they remain in this country at the expence of the Britiſh government, under the condition of the ſame being reimburſed by France when the final vacuation is effected. The Engliſh government will provide for their return to France, which ſhall take place by detachments of about one hundred and fifty or two hundred men at a time. A ſufficient number of French medical officers ſhall be left behind to attend them.

Art. X. As ſoon as the veſſels employed to carry the army to France ſhall have diſembarked in the harbour ſpecified, or in any other of the ports of France to which ſtreſs of weather may force them, every facility ſhall be given them to return to England without delay and ſecurity againſt capture until their arrival in a friendly port.

Art. XI. The French army ſhall be concentrated in Liſbon, and within a diſtance of about a league from it. The Engliſh army will approach within three leagues of the capital, and be ſo placed, as to leave about one league between the two armies.

Art. XII. The forts of St. Julien, the Bugio and Cafenis, ſhall be occupied by the Britiſh troops on the ratification of the convention. Liſbon and its citadel, together with the forts and batteries as far as the Lazaretto or Trafuria on one ſide, and fort St. Joſeph on the other, incluſively, ſhall be given up on the embarkation of the ſecond diviſion, as ſhall alſo the harbour and all armed veſſels in it of every deſcription, with their rigging, ſails, ſtores, and ammunition. The fortreſſes of Elvas, Almaida, Peniche, and Palmela, ſhall be given up as ſoon as the Britiſh troops can arrive to occupy them. In the mean time the general of the Britiſh army will give notice of the preſent convention to the garriſons of thoſe places, as alſo to the troops before them, in order to put a ſtop to all further hoſtilities.

XIII. Commiſſaries ſhall be named on both ſides, to regulate and accelerate

the execution of the arrangements agreed upon.

Art. XIV. Should there arife doubts as to the meaning of any article, it will be explained favourably to the French army.

Art. XV. From the date of the ratification of the preſent convention, all arrears of contributions, requiſitions, or claims whatever, of the French government, againſt ſubjects of Portugal, or any other individuals reſiding in this country, founded on the occupation of Portugal by the French troops in the month of December 1807, which may not have been paid up, are cancelled, and all ſequeſtrations laid upon their property, moveable or immoveable, are removed, and the free diſpoſal of the ſame is reſtored to the proper owners.

Art. XVI. All ſubjects of France or of powers in friendſhip or alliance with France, domiciliated in Portugal, or accidently in this country, ſhall be protected. Their property of every kind, moveable and immoveable, ſhall be reſpected, and they ſhall be at liberty either to accompany the French army or to remain in Portugal. In either caſe their property is guaranteed to them, with the liberty of retaining or of diſpoſing of it, and paſſing the produce of the ſale thereof into France, or any other country where they may fix their reſidence, the ſpace of one year being allowed them for that purpoſe. It is fully underſtood that ſhipping is excepted from this arrangement, only, however, in ſo far as regards leaving the port, and that none of the ſtipulations abovementioned can be made the pretext of any commercial ſpeculation.

Art. XVII. No native of Portugal ſhall be rendered accountable for his political conduct during the period of the occupation of this country by the French army; and all thoſe who have continued in the exerciſe of their employments, or who have accepted ſituations under the French government, are placed under the protection of the Britiſh commanders; they ſhall ſuſtain no injury in their perſon or property, it not having been at their option to be obedient to the French government; they are alſo at liberty to avail themſelves of the ſtipulation of the 14th article.

Art. XVIII. The Spaniſh troops detained on board ſhip in the port of Liſbon, ſhall be given up to the commander-in-chief of the Britiſh army, who engages to obtain of the Spaniards to reſtore ſuch French ſubjects, either military or civil, as may have been detained in Spain without being taken in battle or in conſequence of military operations, but on occaſion of the occurrences of the 29th of laſt May, and the day immediately following.

Art. XIX. There ſhall be an immediate exchange eſtabliſhed for all ranks of priſoners made in Portugal, ſince the commencement of the preſent hoſtilities.

Art. XX. Hoſtages of the rank of field officers ſhall be mutually furniſhed on the part of the Britiſh army and navy, and on that of the French army for the reciprocal guarantee of the preſent convention. The officer of the Britiſh army ſhall be reſtored on the completion of the articles which concerns the army; and the officer of the navy on the diſembarkation of the French troops in their own country. The like is to take place on the part of the French army.

Art. XXI. It ſhall be allowed to the general-in-chief of the French army, to ſend an officer to France with intelligence of the preſent convention. A veſſel will be furniſhed by the Britiſh admiral to convey him to Bourdeax or Rochefort.

Art. XXII. The Britiſh admiral will be invited to accommodate his excellency the commander in chief, and the other principal officers of the French army, on board ſhips of war.

Done and concluded at Liſbon, this 30th day of Auguſt 1808.

GEORGE MURRAY, quarter-maſter-general.

KELLERMAN, le gen. de diviſion.

Nous Duc D'Abrantes, general en chef de l'Armee, Francais, avous ratifie et ratifions la preſente convention definitive dans tous ſes articles, pour etre executee ſelon ſa forme et teneur.

(Signed) LE DUC D'ABRANTES.

Au Quartier general de Liſbonne, le 30 Aout, 1808.

Additional articles. To the convention of the 30th of Auguſt. 1808.

Art. I. The individuals in the civil employment of the army made priſoners, either by the Britiſh troops, or by the Portugueſe in any part of Portugal, will be reſtored, as is cuſtomary without exchange.

Art. II. The French army will be ſubſiſted from its own magazines up to the day of embarkation. The garriſon up to the day of the evacuation of the fortreſſes.

The remainder of the magazines ſhall be delivered over in the uſual manner to the Britiſh government, which charges itſelf with the ſubſiſtence of the men and horſes of the army from the abovementioned period till their arrival in France, under the condition of their being reimburſed by the French government for the exceſs of the expence beyond the eſtimation to be made by both parties, of the value of the magazines delivered up to the Britiſh army. The proviſions on board the ſhips of war, in poſſeſſion

of the French army, will be taken on account by the British government, in like manner with the magazines in the fortresses.

Art. III. The general commanding the British troops will take the necessary measures for re-establishing the free circulation of the means of subsistence between the country and the capital.

Done and concluded at Lisbon this 30th day of August, 1808.

GEORGE MURRAY, quarter-master-general.

KELLERMAN, le general de division.

Nous duc d'Abrantes, general en chef de l'Armee Francaise avous ratifie et ratifions les articles additioneis a la convention et contre, pour etre executes suivant lieur forme et teneur.

LE DUC D'ABRANTES.

(A true copy.)

A. J. Dalrymple, military secretary.

Admiralty-office. Sept. 16.

Captain Halstead, first captain to the squadron, under the commmand of admiral sir C. Cotton, bart. commander in chief of his majesty's ships and vessels on the coast of Portugal, arrived yesterday at this office, with dispatches from the admiral to the hon. W. W. Pole, of which the following are copies:—

Hibernia, off the Tagus, Sept. 3, 1808.

SIR,—Inclosed herewith, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, is a copy of a convention,* entered into by lieutenant colonel Murray and general Kellerman, for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army; such convention having been ratified by lieutenant general sir Hew Dalrymple, myself, and the French commander-in-chief, British troops, consisting of the 3d and 42 regiments, were on the 2d instant landed, to occupy the forts of Cascais, St. Antonio, St. Julien, and the Bugio, and no time shall be lost to embark the French troops, agreeable to the said convention.

Captain Halsted, first captain of this ship, and captain of the fleet, who is the bearer of dispatches to their lordships respecting the Russian squadron in the Tagus, is in full possession of my confidence, and will be able to explain to their lordships the motives inducing me to ratify the convention in question, as well as to give any further information that may be thought necessary.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

Hon. W. Wellesley Pole, &c.

Hibernia, off the Tagus, Sept. 4, 1808.

SIR,—Herewith I have the honour to inclose to you, for the information of the lords commissioners of the admiralty, a copy of a convention entered into by me with vice-admiral Seniavin, commanding the Russian fleet in the Tagus; by which it will appear to their lordships that such fleet has been surrendered to me, to be held by his majesty as a deposit, until six months after the conclusion of peace between Russia and England.

I have charged captain Halsted, first captain of the Hibernia, and captain of the fleet, with the delivery of this dispatch to their lordships; he was sent by me to negotiate the convention with vice-admiral Seniavin, and will be able to explain particulars.

To captain Halsted I feel greatly indebted for his able advice and assistance upon all points of service; his zeal and diligence have been exemplary, and entitle him to my highest commendation.

Rear-admiral Tyler has been directed to superintend the first division of the Russian fleet, which I purpose ordering under his protection immediately to Spithead; to him (since with me) I have been indebted for every assistance, and to the captains, officers, and crews, of those ships that have been employed throughout a tedious protracted blockade (by whom every exertion has been made with a degree of cheerfulness doing them infinite honour,) I feel extremely grateful, and deem it my duty to offer every possible testimony of my approbation in their favour

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

Hon. W. W. Pole.

ARTICLES OF A CONVENTION.

Entered into between vice-admiral Seniavin, knight of the order of St. Alexander, and other Russian orders, and admiral sir Charles Cotton, bart. for the surrender of the Russian fleet, now anchored in the river Tagus.

Art. I. The ships of war of the emperor of Russia, now in the Tagus, as specified in the annexed list, shall be delivered up to admiral Cotton immediately, with all their stores as they now are, to be sent to England, and there held as a deposit by his Britannic majesty, to be restored to his imperial majesty within six months after the conclusion of peace between his Britannic majesty and his imperial majesty the emperor of all the Russias.

Art. II. Vice-admiral Seniavin, with the officers, sailors, and marines under his command, to return to Russia without any condition or stipulation respecting their future services; to be conveyed there in men of

NOTE.

* A copy of the convention inclosed in a letter from sir Hew Dalrymple.

of war, or proper veſſels, at the expence of his Britannic majeſty.

Done and concluded on board the ſhip Twerday, in the Tagus, and on board his *Britannic* majeſty's ſhip Hibernia, off the mouth of that river, the 3d day of Sept. 1808.

(Signed) DE SENIAVIN.
(Signed) CHARLES COTTON.
(Counterſigned) by command of the admiral L. SASS, aſſeſſeur de college.
(Counterſigned) by command of the admiral JAMES KENNEDY, ſecretary.

Liſt of the ſhips referred to in the foregoing convention.

Twerday, vice-admiral Seniavin, captain du fer rang Malayoff, of 74 guns and 736 men.

Skoyroy, capt. du ter rang Schelling, 60 guns, 524 men.

Ste Helene, capt. du 2d rang Bitchenſkoy, of 74 guns and 598 men.

S. Cafael, capt. du 2nd rang Roſhnoff, 74 guns, 610 men.

Ratvizan, capt. du 2d rang Riſhchoff, 66 guns, 549 men.

Silnoy, capt.-lieut. Malygruin, 74 guns, 604 men.

Motchnoy, capt.-lieut. Raſvoſoff, 74 guns, 629 men.

Rafael, capt.-lieut. Bytchenſkoy, 80 guns, 646 men.

Yarowſlay, capt. du 2d rang, Milkoff, 74 guns, 547 men.

Fregatte Killduyon, capt.-lieut. Dournoff, 26 guns, 222 men.—— Total 5635 men.

(Signed) MALIVJEFF, le capitaine de pavilion.

MARRIAGES.

AT Rich-hill, mr. William Curry, of Drumharriſſ, near Loughgall, to miſs King, of Hamiltonſbarn.—Mr. John Bradſhaw, linen-draper, of Prieſt-hill, near Hillſborough, to miſs Gardener, of Magherabeg, near Dromore.—Mr. William Carroll, of Moira, to miſs Hanna of the ſame place.—In Hertfordſhire, John Freeman, a chimney-ſweeper, to miſs Priſcilla Thackthwaite, with a fortune of 4000l.—Miſs T. was a very eccentric character, and on her coming of age, declared that ſhe would be either married to a ſoldier, a ſailor, a cobler, or a chimney-ſweeper. In conſequence of this declaration, Peter Norman, a ſoldier, Henry Dalton, a ſailor, James Hunt, a cobler, and John Freeman, a chimney-ſweeper, reſpectively paid their addreſſes to this fair female, and exerted all their abilities to win her heart. After mature deliberation on the merits of the different ſuitors, ſhe gave the preference to the member of the ſooty tribe!—Mr. Richard Fowler, of Mountjoy-ſquare, to miſs Murtagh, of Dorſet-ſtreet.—Mr. William Whitton, of Marlborough-ſtreet, to miſs Gordon, of Capel-ſtreet.—In Ennis, mr. Wm. Magin, apothecary, to miſs Percy, daughter of captain Percy, of the Clare militia.—George Haſlet, eſq. merchant, to miſs Alexander, of Caw, near Londonderry.—George Studdart, ſon of T. Studdart, eſq. of Bunratty caſtle, in the the county of Clare, to Selitia, eldeſt daughter of the rev. dean Blacker, of Carrick, county Armagh.

DEATHS.

On the 28th of July, at an advanced age, mrs. Woodward, wife of captain Woodward, of Ellis's-quay.—William Horan, eſq. youngeſt ſon of the late alderman James Horan.—At Glaſſnevin, mrs. Garſtin, relict of Anthony Garſtin, Braggansſtown, eſq, aged 72.—William Alley, eſq. aged 86, father of our preſent worthy and excellent high ſheriff.—At Lancaſhire, Jemima Wilkinſon, aged 106.—At Holywood, maſter James Butler, aged 8 years, ſon to David William Butler, commander of the Clifton cutter.—At Merchiſtonbank, Scotland, in the 86th year of his age, John Home, eſq. author of the tragedy of Douglas, &c.—At Otter-houſe, Argyleſhire, Scotland, on the 27th Auguſt, Anne, and on the 1ſt of September, Jane Eliza, the daughters of capt. Duncan Campbell; and on the ſame day, Elliott, his youngeſt ſon.—Thomas Johnſtone, of Coal-iſland, county Tyrone, eſq.—In Grafton-ſtreet, at the advanced age of 88, mrs. Exſhaw.—At Ballyderry, in the county Meath, mrs. Abbott, wife of Chriſtopher Abbott, eſq. of Great George's-ſtreet north.—In Parliament-ſtreet, mr. Richard Daviſon, perfumer.

GENERAL JUNOT.